WINTER NUMBER, 1934/35

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# 'HE DICKENSIAN

EDITED BY WALTER DEXTER

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE FOR DICKENS LOVERS

CONTENTS

REPRINT OF DICKENS'S FIRST CONTRIBUTION TO "THE MORNING CHRONICLE"

* * * *

FRIENDSHIP WITH THE COLDENS
New Letters

* * * *

IF SCROOGE HAD DIED FIRST

* * * *

THE EDUCATION OF DAVID COPPERFIELD

* * * *

THE FORSTER COLLECTION AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

* * * *

AND OTHER ARTICLES

* * * *

FULLY ILLUSTRATED

Published by The Dickens Fellowship

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*by*

## André Maurois

"From letters which hitherto have remained unpublished, critics and biographers have lately contrived to depict the character of Dickens in a rather unpleasing light . . . I think they are mistaken. Not that Dickens can have been an angel . . . " (Foreword)

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# THE SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

## A Life of Charles Dickens

*by* HUGH KINGSMILL

Mr. Hugh Kingsmill, whose *Samuel Johnson* was one of the best-praised biographies of last year, has written a life of Dickens which will perhaps confound the idolaters, but which will delight all reasonable admirers of the great Victorian novelist. The aim of his book is to make both Dickens and his work clearer by using them to illustrate each other, and he traces the immediate and enormous success of Dickens to his complete harmony with the spirit of his age.

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WINTER
VOL. XXXI. 1934-35 No. 233

*Border by* [*Ruth Whittaker.*

*THE Old Curiosity Shop* is the book for special reading for the season 1934-5. Readers will find articles on the spurious landmark in Portsmouth Street in *The Dickensian* for 1923, page 224, and 1925, page 176, and on Little Nell's Journey, 1924, page 196.

* * * * *

Preparations are already in hand for the celebration of the Centenary of *The Pickwick Papers* in March, 1936.

* * * * *

**The Life of Our Lord.** I have had some interesting letters from Lady Dickens in reference to my paragraph on page 238 of the last number of *The Dickensian*. She does not think Dickens gave any title to this little work; the manuscript bears no title whatever. The copy which belonged to Sir Henry bears a title page in the hand of Georgina Hogarth, reading as follows:

Copy of
The History of
Our Saviour, Jesus Christ
written by
Charles Dickens
for his own children
1849

This differs from the title appended to the Mark Lemon copy as given on page 89 of *The Dickensian*, Spring, 1934.

Lady Dickens tells me that among the family the work was almost always referred to as the "Life of Our Lord," sometimes as the "Life of Christ." As the former title is now world-wide, we must leave it at that; but still we cannot help thinking that had the word "Children" been introduced into the title it would have been more appropriate and might possibly have prevented certain misunderstandings.

**Dickens on the Screen** The first of the widely-heralded Dickens films has arrived from America, and will be publicly shown in December. It is *Great Expectations*, and the company responsible for it is to be congratulated on the splendid publicity they obtained for it by showing it first of all in the study of 48 Doughty Street. A review of the film appears on another page. Before the next number of *The Dickensian* appears we shall no doubt have passed judgment on four other Dickens films, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, the first British production, *Little Dorrit* from Germany, and *David Copperfield* and *Edwin Drood* from America.

* * * * *

**—and on the Stage.** In addition to all this news comes that Mr. Albert Coates has composed a new opera in twelve scenes entitled "Pickwick." The idea grew out of a "Pickwick" scherzo, which he wrote in 1928. Some of the scenes are to be film projections shown to an orchestral accompaniment only. Dickens has always been a big stage attraction. Sir John Martin Harvey's first production of the dramatic version of *A Tale of Two Cities*, entitled "The Only Way," was on February 16th, 1899, and he is still playing it. In Dickens's own day his stories had a huge success on the stage; many of them were even dramatised before they had been completely published. His Christmas stories were probably the most in vogue. They were seized upon as soon as they were published. No less than seven different dramatisations of *The Battle of Life* are recorded between 24th December, 1846, and the end of January, 1847. *The Cricket on the Hearth* went one better in a shorter time, the whole eight being produced in the month of January, 1846, to say nothing of a burlesque entitled "Cricket on our Hearth." There were five separate dramatisations of *The Chimes* between December, 1844, and January, 1845; and three of *A Christmas Carol* in January and February, 1844. *The Haunted Man* had four dramatisations to its credit over a similar period in 1848. I am indebted to Clement Scott's "The Drama of Yesterday and To-day" (1899) for these interesting details.

* * * * *

**Dickensian Names.** To the names of Twist, Varden, Krook, Higden, Pell, Dorrit, and Boffin, already on the old registers of St. Andrew's, Holborn, the verger of that church has now added the name of Chadband, which he has discovered during the clearance of the burial ground.

* * * * *

**Restoration House, Rochester.** This beautiful Elizabethan house, the Satis House of *Great Expectations*, will be open to the public on December 19th, January 26th, February 27th, March 30th, April 24th, and May 25th, a favour which will, we are sure, be greatly appreciated by all Dickens lovers.

* * * * *

**For Everyman.** The wonderful "Everyman's Library" now comprises more than nine hundred volumes, and the publishers

have issued a list of the best selling hundred in order of popularity. *David Copperfield* comes first. Ten of Dickens's novels go to make up the hundred; next comes Stevenson with four; Scott and Thackeray are represented by two each.

* * * * *

**The Honeymoon Cottage at Chalk.** Mr. A. J. Philip, who was responsible for placing the tablet on what was at the time (over twenty years ago) thought to be the cottage in which Dickens spent his honeymoon, has written an article in the "Gravesend Reporter" referring at length to "honeymoon days" in the district. He devotes sixteen lines to the old controversy as to the identity of the cottage, and dismisses in less than two lines the more recent discovery reported by Mr. W. Laurence Gadd in our Spring, 1932, issue of *The Dickensian*, which conclusively proves that the tablet is on the wrong cottage. How much longer is this state of things to exist? Unfortunately, we have no branch of the Fellowship at Gravesend. Cannot the Rochester Branch take the matter in hand?

* * * * *

**The Lord Mayor's Show.** For the first time in its progress of five hundred years and more, the famous Lord Mayor's show has done honour to literature; and Dickens was the choice not only because the Lord Mayor himself is a great admirer of his work but because Dickens was so much more than a writer of entertaining stories. The Dickens Pageant consisted of (1) The "Commodore" Coach bearing the Pickwickians to Rochester on the 13th May, 1827. (2) The Bardell *v.* Pickwick Trial at the Guildhall Court, 14th February, 1828. (3) "Oliver Twist asks for more" after the famous picture by Cruikshank. (4) Mrs. Jarley's Waxwork. (5) Little Nell and her grandfather arrive at the Schoolmaster's, after the drawing by Phiz.

The pageant was arranged by the Dickens Fellowship and the Committee desire to thank Mr. Bertram Mills, L.C.C., for lending (and himself driving) the Pickwick Coach, and British International Pictures Ltd., Elstree, for the erection and staging of the four tableaux.

Mr. Walter Dexter, Mr. A. W. Edwards, and Mr. T. W. Hill were guests at the Lord Mayor's Banquet at the Guildhall in the evening.

* * * * *

**The Poor Travellers.** Watts's Charity in Rochester which inspired *The Seven Poor Travellers* was founded over 350 years ago to give each night free lodging, a meal, and fourpence to each of six poor travellers "not being rogues or proctors." The funds have so increased since the day of worthy Master Watts that the charity is now a very wealthy one and has extended in several directions: with the result that the original fourpence has now been increased to one shilling to speed each poor traveller on his way.

WALTER DEXTER.

# THE TRUE STORY OF THE GRAVE OF DICK

MR. CHARLES SESSLER, of Philadelphia, sends us for reproduction a photograph of the tombstone of Dick, "the best of birds," which Dickens placed over the grave in the garden at Gad's Hill. As will be seen from the following letter from Mrs. Perugini (who presented this unique item to Mr. Sessler on one of his visits to London) the tombstone in the garden to-day is only a copy.

July 22nd, 1913.
32, Victoria Road,
Kensington,
W.

Dear Mr. Sessler,

In accordance with the promise I made, I write to tell you the history of the little "tombstone" I gave you, which has on it a short inscription composed by my father and which was placed by him over the grave of my sister's little bird "Dick" in the garden of Gad's Hill Place. When we left Gad's Hill after my father's death, my sister brought away with her the little tombstone, and after her death it came into my possession; meanwhile, my eldest brother Charles had gone to live at Gad's Hill with his family and wishing that everything there should be as it was in his father's life-time—had a copy made of the tombstone—and put it where the original, now in your possession, once stood.

Hoping that you will find satisfaction in this true and particular account and with very best regards to Mrs. Sessler and your son,—I will send this statement to my aunt to sign, after signing it myself.

I beg to remain

Very sincerely yours

Kate Perugini

(née Katie Dickens)

Daughter of Charles Dickens

Georgina Hogarth

# DICKENS'S FIRST CONTRIBUTION TO "THE MORNING CHRONICLE"

## NOW IDENTIFIED AND REPUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME

### I.

DICKENS joined the staff of "The Morning Chronicle" at the end of August, 1834, and one of the first commissions—probably the very first—he received from his paper, was to accompany his friend, Thomas Beard, to Edinburgh to report the proceedings relative to the reception and dinner given in that city to Earl Grey.

The incident we now relate and the authenticity for it and the other statements made are to be found in an article in "Time" for 1881, written by Charles Kent, and based upon information supplied by Beard himself.

They started in ample time and had such leisure for their trip that they made the journey to Leith by sea. This was Dickens's first sea voyage and his exhilaration in the earlier part of it is described by Beard as having been intense. Conspicuous among the passengers on board was a well-tempered, fresh-complexioned, sandy-haired commercial traveller, to whom Dickens's attention was first of all attracted by the circumstance that, to his unspeakable delight, he was reading to himself, with frequent roars of laughter, *The Bloomsbury Christening* in the April number of "The Monthly Magazine" for that year. At every fresh paroxysm of mirth, provoked by the comicalities of Mr. Nicodemus Dumps, the young author's heart warmed more and more to the good-humoured bagman, who thus unwittingly became one of Dickens's earliest appreciators. Later on, when the vessel had fairly got into Yarmouth Roads, and began to encounter rather boisterous weather, Dickens, little dreaming then of his *alter ego*, David Copperfield, of the old boat on the sands, of Ham, Little Em'ly, or Mr. Peggotty, was suddenly prostrated by sea-sickness, of which he had never before had experience.

In recounting the incidents of this journey, Beard recalled with pleasure that the jovial commercial traveller evidenced the kindliest interest in the prostration of the unknown author of the story that had given him so much pleasure.

### II.

In "The Morning Chronicle" of Wednesday, the 17th September, 1834, on the top of the centre column of the middle page, will be found the very first piece of descriptive reporting ever penned by Dickens and printed in a public newspaper. It occupies a little less than half a column. It is dated from Edinburgh the previous Saturday. A bracketed heading tells us that it is "from our own Correspondent." Beard identified it as wholly by Dickens. It is of extreme interest as foreshadowing the rare humour which was soon afterwards to become familiar to such a wide circle of readers:

This city is extremely full of visiters [*sic*], but the persons of note

who have yet arrived are not numerous. The Earl of Durham is here, and the Lord Chancellor arrived about three o'clock this afternoon: his Lordship immediately proceeded to the scientific meeting; and it is understood that he will reside until after the dinner, on Monday, at the house of a private friend in the immediate vicinity of Edinburgh. I obtained a view of the temporary banqueting hall (the Grey Pavilion, as it is called) this morning. It is erecting in the High School grounds on Calton Hill and, according to the estimate of the Committee, is capable of dining fifteen-hundred individuals, and of affording accommodation, after removal of the cloth, to an indefinite number of persons. I confess I do not entertain very sanguine anticipations as to the accuracy of either of these calculations. The room is a square one with seven entrances, and, as far as I can judge from the unfinished state in which I saw it this morning, is very elegantly fitted up. It is, however, very ill adapted for hearing, and as to its ventilation, it seems to have been forgotten that the two thousand persons who will meet together on this great occasion will require an occasional breath of fresh air. I hope I am mistaken, but I fear some confusion and much disappointment will arise from a large number of persons having purchased tickets, and the accommodation being such as necessarily to prevent a considerable portion of the company from witnessing, at all events, the preliminary part of the festival.

"A Promenade" took place this morning in St. Andrews-square for the benefit of the Blind Asylum, the Deaf and Dumb Institution, and the House of Refuge. It was most respectably attended, but a lamentably dull affair. A marquee was erected in the centre of a parched bit of ground, without a tree or shrub to intercept the rays of a burning sun. Under it was a military band, and around it were the company. The band played and the company walked about; and when the band were tired, a piper played by way of variation, and then the company walked about again; and when the piper was tired, such of the visitors as could find seats sat down, and those who could not looked as if they wished they had not come; and the poor blind-school pupils, who occupied the warmest seats in the enclosure, were very hot and uncomfortable, and appeared very glad to be filed off from a scene in which they could take little interest, and with which their pensive careworn faces painfully contrasted.

To describe the bustle and animation and beauty of the city would be impossible. The advantages of its situation, the magnificence of the public buildings, and the picturesque appearance of the old town, with which so many historical associations and local legends are connected, would form materials for a volume at any time; but thronged as the streets are now by a continued crowd of well-dressed strangers and bustling visitants, they present an exciting and exhilarating appearance which can hardly be imagined by those who have not been fortunate enough to witness it.

I have only time to express my hope, that the arrangements in progress for the long-expected dinner may meet with that success to which the spirit in which they are dictated fully entitles them.

The report in the next day's issue of the paper of the reception of ord Grey on his arrival in Edinburgh, of the presentation to him of the reedom of the City, and of the proceedings at the banquet, occupied leven closely-printed columns of "The Morning Chronicle." To ffect this exact and elaborate record, the pencils of Beard and his oung colleague must have been plied furiously, "turn and turn bout."

The paragraphs introductory to the description of the formal usiness were the work of the future "Boz." They read as follows:—

III.

It having been announced that Earl Grey would proceed this ıorning from the seat of Sir John Dalrymple at Oxenford, where he ad been staying since Saturday last, on his route to this city, the ne of road through which it was expected his Lordship would pass, resented an unusually animated and bustling appearance at a very arly hour. Earl Grey having signified his intention, in compliance ith a deputation from the local authorities, of stopping at Dalkeith, or the purpose of receiving an address from the inhabitants of that own, we repaired thither to witness the ceremony.

The place presented a scene of holiday gaiety, more like the lively ustle of the metropolis than the quiet monotony of a little Scotch urgh. Groups of people paraded the principal streets dressed in their est and cleanest attire and evidently duly impressed with the nportance of the occasion. The shops were all closed, and the indows of the houses were thronged with expectant faces. As it was enerally understood that his Lordship would arrive about ten o'clock, ıe members of the different trades, accompanied by bands of music, ssembled long before that hour in the road leading from Oxenford or the purpose of escorting him into the town. Shortly after leven o'clock, Earl Grey, accompanied by several private friends, mong whom were the Countess Grey, her daughter Lady Georgiana, nd Sir John Dalrymple, arrived. The procession then formed and ıe cavalcade, which consisted of four carriages-and-four, was escorted o the Cross Keys Inn, opposite the church, where a stage had been rected, on which Earl Grey immediately made his appearance, amidst ıe most enthusiastic cheering.

[Here follow formal speeches in connection with the presentation of an address from the inhabitants of Dalkeith.]

The party then partook of a cold collation and having been escorted ut of the town in the same manner as they had entered it, proceeded n their road to Edinburgh. . . . The distinguished visitors were ıet at the entrance of the city by the different trades with scarfs and anners, and carrying models indicative of their different occupations. The streets were lined with people and the appearance of the high ouses and public buildings along the line of procession, which were warming with spectators from the roofs to the basement stories, was t once novel and striking. Every shop was closed and nothing was

to be heard but congratulations and rejoicing. The noble Earl at once drove to the Waterloo Hotel where it had been arranged that he should receive the addresses of the different trades, and also the freedom of the city. The scene at this event was one of the most lively and animated we have ever beheld. Waterloo Place, and the whole area of Princes Street were thronged with the procession and its attendant gazers. Calton Hill, a noble eminence which overlooks the city, and rises abruptly from the termination of Waterloo Place, presented one dense mass of human beings. The appearance of the orderly and well-dressed crowds, and the display of numerous banners with appropriate mottos, together with the military bands which paraded the streets during the whole of the morning, were most cheerful and animated. The Noble Earl from time to time made his appearance at the windows of his hotel, and was hailed with deafening cheers.

[Here follow speeches on the Presentation of the Freedom of the City.]

## THE DINNER

The greatest exertions having been made to secure the completion of the temporary building erected for the occasion in the High School Yard on Calton Hill, the whole of the arrangements were finished, and the pavilion ready for the reception of the fortunate holders of tickets at an early hour of the afternoon. To prevent confusion notices had been extensively circulated, informing the visitors that they would be admitted into the area in which the building was situated at four o'clock; that they would then be required to form themselves into 60 sections containing 30 persons in each, and that the acting stewards (60 in number) each heading a section, would proceed with them into the dining room, the order of priority being determined in the presence of the company by ballot. The number of white tickets originally issued was 1,500, it having been estimated that the room was capable of dining that number of persons, but as the applications for an increased number of tickets were very numerous, some four hundred buff tickets were issued, on the understanding that the holders of those admissions should dine as best they might, in the rooms belonging to the school, and be admitted into the pavilion immediately after the removal of the cloth. As we were admitted into the building at three o'clock, we had an opportunity of observing the result of these arrangements, and certainly nothing could be better: for by half past five o'clock every table (with the exception of those allotted to the chairman and croupier) was completely filled, without the slightest confusion having occurred.

On the principal side of the spacious apartment was the chairman's table, on a raised platform reserved for the strangers and distinguished visitors. Immediately opposite, on the other side of the pavilion, was the croupier's table; and behind it, extending the whole width of the building, was the ladies' gallery, a small portion of which was assigned to the musicians. Long tables, extending across the room, from the chairman's table to that of the croupier, were prepared for

e ordinary guests. A handsome chandelier, borrowed for the occasion
om the Theatre Royal, was suspended from the ventilation in the
ntre of the ceiling. There were also four smaller chandeliers—one
each corner of the room. The walls were ornamented with the
mourial bearings of the Duke of Hamilton and the Earl of Rosebery,
id the arms of the cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, which were
xtremely well executed. The ceiling was tastefully painted in
ompartments and supported by crimson pillars, ornamented with a
rcular foliage of gilt laurel leaves. The remainder of the apartment
as painted a faint stone-colour, and the effect of the whole was
xtremely light and elegant.

It had been announced that the dinner would take place at five o'clock
recisely; but Earl Grey, and the other principal visitors, as might
ave been expected, did not arrive until shortly after six. Previous
o their arrival, some slight confusion, and much merriment, was
xcited by the following circumstance: A gentleman who, we presume,
id entered with one of the first sections, having sat with exemplary
atience for some time in the immediate vicinity of cold fowls, roast
eef, lobsters, and other tempting delicacies (for the dinner was a cold
ne), appeared to think that the best thing he could possibly do,
ould be to eat his dinner, while there was anything to eat. He
ccordingly laid about him with right good-will, the example was
ontagious, and the clatter of knives and forks became general.
Thereupon, several gentlemen, who were not hungry, cried out
Shame!" and looked very indignant; and several gentlemen who
ere hungry cried "Shame!" too, eating, nevertheless, all the while,
s fast as they possibly could. In this dilemma, one of the stewards
ounted a bench and feelingly represented to the delinquents the
normity of their conduct, imploring them for decency's sake, to defer
ne process of mastication until the arrival of Earl Grey. This address
as loudly cheered, but totally unheeded; and this is, perhaps, one
f the few instances on record of a dinner having been virtually
oncluded before it began.

On the arrival of the distinguished guests Earl Rosebery took the
hair, in consequence of the absence of the Duke of Hamilton (who
as to have presided) through illness. This circumstance involved
he necessity of appointing a new croupier, and the Lord Advocate
as selected to fill the office.

The Chairman entreated the assembly to postpone the commencement
f the dinner for a few moments. The Reverend Mr. Henry Grey
as in attendance for the purpose of saying grace.: but he was outside
he room, and the crowd was so great that he could not get in. Under
hese circumstances he entreated them to pause for a few moments.

As the major part of the company had already dined, they acceded
o the request with the utmost good humour. The Reverend Gentle-
nan arrived, grace was said, and the same ceremony was repeated
t the conclusion of the dinner, which soon arrived. *Non Nobis*
*Domine* having been sung, another trifling delay was occasioned by
he entrance of the gentlemen who had dined in the school rooms

with the buff tickets, for whose accommodation seats were hastily placed in the spaces which had been previously occupied by the waiters.

The Chairman inquired of the stewards whether all the company were yet seated. Several of the stewards replied in the negative; and various gentlemen corroborated the assertion by exclaiming that it was entirely impossible they could sit down anywhere.

A glee having been directed in the meantime, "The King of Merry England," by Robert Gilfillan, was sung.

The room now being quite full, and no more complaints being heard—

The Chairman rose (proposed toast of The King).

## THE FEARLESS REFORMER

Mr. J. W. Wilton, at the opening meeting of the Winnipeg branch, speaking of Dickens as a reformer, said: "He looked around, and he saw injustice. His heart burned within him, but he did not accept the situation philosophically. He was not content to say that something must be done. He proceeded to do something, and wrote book after book with the object of exposing conditions and getting them remedied."

After showing that Dickens was absolutely fearless in his campaign, Mr. Wilton continued: "All is not well with the economic system of to-day. The situation calls for analysis and action. But the leaders are to all intents and purposes helpless in solving the problem. They have no remedy to offer. They think that a new disease can be cured by the application of old medicine. The time has arrived when a Dickens should appear and point out the obvious thing. The situation calls for fundamental changes in the structure of our economic constitution."

In the unavoidable absence of Dr. P. A. Jackson, the President (Mr. H. Gerald Wade) presided, and expressed the hope that the season would prove one of the most successful in the history of the Fellowship.

## GREETINGS FROM MONTREAL

A large attendance marked the opening of the new season of the Montreal branch. As we assembled, one thought of the other seventy-four branches of the Fellowship assembling or about to assemble in many different parts of the world. What a fraternity it is! One would hazard the statement that no other society fosters literature, fellowship, and friendship to the same degree. Our branch is entering on its twenty-seventh season and is more enthusiastic than at any previous time in its existence. The membership last year was 379, and we have fixed 500 as our goal for the season of 1934-35.

Our President, Douglas A. Martin, occupied the chair.

A delightful feature of the programme was the presentation of living pictures from *The Old Curiosity Shop*. The great feature of the evening was the review of *The Old Curiosity Shop* by our Hon. President, Rev. Canon Allan P. Shatford, M.A., who analysed the different characters, with a special word of admiration for Dick Swiveller, who, he said, could produce roars of laughter in Dickens himself. He paid tribute to Daniel Quilp as the prince of diabolic fiends, and pointed out the superiority of Sally Brass over her infamous brother Sampson, inasmuch as she was courageous enough to face Quilp without cringing.

The proceeds of the Bridge and Social Evening in Victoria Hall on November 13th are to be devoted to philanthropic work.

# DICKENS'S FRIENDSHIP WITH THE COLDENS

By HERMAN L. R. EDGAR

VERY little has been published about the friendship which existed between Dickens and his American friends, the Coldens; but at the friendship was a great one and valued accordingly by Dickens not only evidenced by some of his letters to Forster, as quoted in ie "Life of Dickens," but by the really remarkable series of letters nanating from Dickens to both Mr. and Mrs. Colden, the greater part which are in my possession, my wife being distantly related to rs. Colden.

David Cadwalder Colden was born in 1797. His great-grandfather, adwalder Colden, the son of a Scotch minister, came to America in 710 and settled first in Philadelphia, and then a little later came to New ork. In Colonial times he occupied an important position politically, as Lieutenant-Governor of the Colony, and three times Acting-overnor. He interested himself much in historical research and was ie author of the "History of the Six Nations" (American Indians).

At the time of Dickens's visit to America in 1842 the Coldens were rominent people socially and intellectually. The two were well known each other before they actually met, for Mrs. Colden was brother-law of Lord Jeffrey, and both were cordial friends of Macready. was natural, therefore, that Colden should be very prominent among ie citizens of New York who desired to welcome Dickens; he became ecretary of the committee formed for that purpose, and went to oston specially to convey in person the invitation to the public ball ey had arranged in his honour.

The letters which follow need very little comment from me. It was ot only to the Coldens themselves that Dickens acknowledged their any kindnesses, but we find such references as these in his letters to orster. "The vigilant and faithful Colden, who makes everything aving reference to us, or our affairs, a labour of the heartiest love." o Macready he wrote, "David Colden is as good a fellow as ever lived; nd I am deeply in love with his wife; Indeed we have received the reatest and most earnest and zealous kindness from the whole family, nd quite love them all."

Three years later Colden was in London at the time when Dickens nd his family were in Italy. "Give my love to Colden," wrote ickens to Forster, "and tell him that if he leaves London before I turn I will ever more address him and speak of him as *Colonel* Colden. ate sends *her* love to him also, and we both entreat him to say all ffectionate things he can spare for third parties—using so many mself—when he writes to Mrs. Colden: whom you ought to know, r she, as I have often told you, is BRILLIANT. I would go five undred miles to see her for five minutes."

With this tribute the hearty expressions in some of the following tters will not come as any surprise.

Carlton House, [New York].
Twenty Fourth February 1842.

My Dear Mrs. Colden.

Kate told me when I had my hair docked t'other day, that you wanted some of it to give away. I am so desirous to live in your recollection, and in that of your good husband and esteemed family, that I have been vain enough to have a very small specimen of my head, set in the accompanying little brooch: of which, with more good wishes than I can express, and a sincerer meaning that I can convey to you, I entreat your acceptance.

(Signature torn off).

Fuller's Hotel Washington
March the Tenth 1842.

My Dear Colden.

We reached this place safely last night: having sustained no more damage by the way, than the presence of a miraculously fractious child in the railroad car from Philadelphia to Baltimore; who, leaving us at the last-named place, was relieved by another child in the same frame of mind, in whose cheerful company we arrived here. He (it was a boy) set in so very heavily at Baltimore that I thought it impossible he could last; especially as his friends tempted him from time to time with a tin mug of milk and water, and other refreshment, from a basket. But contrary to my expectations, he cried the whole forty miles through; and when he was taken out at the station the crown of his head was covered with crimson pimples—the consequence of his supernatural exertion.

We were very comfortably lodged at Philadelphia—and indeed we deserved to be; for the landlord not only charged us half rent for the rooms during the time he had expected us (which was quite right) but charged us also—when I say us, I mean Kate, her maid, and I—for board during the whole of the same period. As I could not help regarding the statement that he had paid for our food while we were paying for it at New York, in the light of a pleasant fiction or ingenious jest, I did suggest through my factotum the slightest possible insinuation to that effect. It appeared, however, that it was "the custom"; and as strangers in Rome do as they do in Rome, I bowed to the custom, and paid.

I passed a whole day in the Penitentiary—where, as you know, the principle of solitary confinement is observed, in the strictest manner, in every case. It is inexpressibly painful to see so many of the prisoners as I did, and to converse with them; but I fear that to a certain extent the system is a good one. I use the expression "I fear," because it is dreadful to believe that it is ever necessary to impose such a torture of the mind upon our fellow creatures. But it seems, from all one can learn, to do good: and now and then to effect that reclamation which gives joy in Heaven. In the case of a very long term of imprisonment, however, I cannot but think it cruel, though I know it is mercifully and well intended. One man had been shut up by himself in the same cell, for nearly twelve years. His time is just expiring. I asked him how he felt at the prospect of release—and he answered—plucking in a strange way at his fingers, and looking restlessly about the walls and floor—that he didn't care: that it was all the same to him now: that he had looked forward to

once, but that was so long ago, that he had come to have no regard or anything. And so, with a heavy sigh, he went about his work, nd would say no more. We are accustomed to hear it said sometimes hat such a person must have felt in a minute, a year of suffering. ut if ever twelve years of the most intense mental anguish were ritten in the small compass of one face, I saw it in this prisoner's. ndeed the men, however unlike naturally, become alike, and strikingly like, in this place. There is the same bright eye, and haggard look, n them all; and an indescribable something—distantly resembling he attentive and sorrowful expression you see in the blind—which is ever to be forgotten. The women bear it better, and acquire a patient nd subdued look that makes you very sad, but not distressingly so. Each of them seems a better creature than one feels one's-self to be, nd that's a comfort. The prison is beautifully—exquisitely—kept, nd thoroughly well managed: but I never in my life was more ffected by anything which was not strictly my own grief, than I was y this sight. It will live in my recollection always. When I come o tell you something of my brief experience there, you will often hink of it too.

We have been to both Houses of the Legislature to-day, and ave seen many of the Lions, both living and stuffed. I think of oing every day while I remain here.

I went to the President's, too, this morning, in company with namesake who is Secretary to the Senate. He has a good face (I ean the President) and his manners are very mild and gentlemanly. Ie expressed great surprise at my being so young. I would have eturned the compliment, but he looked so jaded, that it stuck in my hroat like Macbeth's amen.

Some twenty gentlemen are waiting in a lower room, for udiences. There is no denying that they did expectorate considerably. They wrought a complete change in the pattern of the carpet, even while I was there.—Before I forget it, let me ask you at what annual alary in Dollars, you would hold that office? Would you do it heap—or dear?

We start for Charleston on Wednesday next. In the meanhile if any news should reach you of the poor Caledonia, or our letters, need not say how glad we shall be to receive it; or how happy we hall be to hear from you at all times and seasons. Those very small arlings we have left behind, hold giants' places in our hearts; and hat's the reason I suppose, why they are always full when we think f home.

We mean to wait at Charleston for the other letters you will end us, and which are now upon their way to you in the March steamer rom Liverpool. As we shall make no halt to speak of, between this lace and Charleston, will you write to us, after we move from here, at

PAGE'S HOTEL, CHARLESTON, S.C. ?

ur route after that—whether it shall be back to New York, and so nto Canada, or back to Baltimore, or back to Philadelphia, and thence o Pittsburgh and thereabout—I have not decided. But from harleston, I will write to you again when I have received your packet here; with full and particular details.

God bless you. Give our united loves to Mrs. Colden and to Irs. Wilkes, and to "Mrs. S.", and Doctor Wilkes, and all friends—ot forgetting the dear children and Nela Gibbs, to whom I beg my

especial regards. We often talk of you and yours, and devoutly wish you lived at Charleston as well as New York, and could be there when we are. But if our wishes could take effect, you would be very Jackers (?) in roving, so it's well they are nothing but affectionate breath. Ever my dear Colden

Faithfully your friend

Charles Dickens.

Clifton House, Niagara Falls.
Twenty Ninth April 1842.

My Dear Friend.

Again let me thank you heartily for our letters, and for your note over which, I assure you, we were very merry. You will be glad to hear that nothing can be more cheering or happy than all our news from Home; and that we have not one speck or dot of uneasiness or regret.

There is no company here—to our unspeakable delight. We have the Falls to ourselves: ramble about, all day long: do just as we please: play cribbage o' nights; dine at two in the day; wear our oldest clothes; walk ankle-deep in the mud: and thoroughly enjoy ourselves. We have left corduroy roads, high pressure steam boats, seventeen-inside stage coaches, two-pronged pocket pitchforks and crooked knives with both sides of the blade alike, far—far—behind us. New York is before us—beyond that home—and (as Mr Brass observes) "the still small voice is a singing comic songs within us, and all is happiness and peace."

Will you send the next packet of letters to Montreal, addressed to the care of The Earl of Mulgrave?—I am going to act at the Montreal Theatre, with him and the officers of the Garrison, for the benefit of a local charity. What do you think of that? I can't get the book I wanted, and cannot therefore play any of the parts I should have liked best. I am going to do Mr. Snobbington (a priggish bank clerk of the most tidy habits possible) in a piece called A Good Night's Rest. It is funny enough. I would give fifty pounds if you were all coming from Laight Street to see it.

I don't expect that we shall be at the Carlton before the thirtieth or the thirty-first of May. The day after our arrival, I should like to devote to leaving cards at divers street doors. After that, I wish to Heaven you would lay an embargo on us, and bear us off. Bespeak us—lay claim to us—let everybody know that we are not to be had—leave me no possibility of being persuaded, overpowered, or induced by any coaxings or threatenings to do violence to my own wishes, by going anywhere else. Put it in my power to say to all comers—"Engaged—bespoke—fully occupied, and tightly bound." Take the bill down and come into possession of us 'till we go on board the George Washington. I was under a kind of promise to go and see Mrs. Charles Sedgwick, but I have written her that it is impossible and have pleaded prior engagements with you. We therefore resign ourselves, fully and unconditionally, into your hands—reserving only Monday June the Sixth, on which day we beseech your company to dinner at the Carlton House. I must ask Mr. and Mrs. Davis—and think Professor Felton from Cambridge, and Dr. Howe from Boston will be of the party likewise.

At Cleveland on Lake Erie, our steamboat lay all night. A

in the morning a party of gentlemen planted themselves opposite ur little state room (it was an uncommonly tight fit, even for a state oom) and stared in at the door and windows while I was washing, and ate lay in bed. I was so incensed at this, that I straightway went bed, and when the mayor came, refused to see him. His Honor lanted himself on the wharf with a big stick, and a whittling knife, ith which, after receiving my refusal, he worked so lustily that when e boat left, the stick which was at first a trifle bigger than a wooden g, was shaved down to a small-sized cribbage peg.

We are charged in all our letters with all manner of loves to ou and yours. We add our own to the number, and look forward to eeting you again (we count the days too) with inexpressible pleasure.

Always My Dear Friend

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens.

avid C. Colden Esquire.

You will most likely see by the publication of some documents which have sent to Boston for that purpose, that the Greatest Writers in ngland have taken fire at my being misrepresented in the Inter- ational Copyright matter, and have flung their gauntlets down atop f mine, nobly.

The same day Dickens wrote the following humorous letter to Irs. Colden, probably enclosed with the letter to her husband.

Clifton House, Niagara Falls.
Twenty Ninth April 1842.

Iy better Angel.

If this should meet HIS eye, I trust to you to throw dust into he same. HIS suspicions must not be aroused.

HE says that I have applied tender epithets to a certain Irs. D. I repel the charge with indignation. Alas his motive is ut too apparent ! He concludes that by piquing you, and rousing our—forgive me for the application of such a term to your ethereal ature—your vanity, he will disrupt that bond between us, which othing but that (and Death) can ever sever. HE IS A SERPENT. ou are the Bride of a Scorpion.—Like the (I forget the animal's name, ut you will find it in any book of Natural History, dearest)—his sting s in his Tale—this tale—which I pronounce to be base and calumnious.

And could you ?—but no—no—I am sure you couldn't !

I have thrown my feelings into verse ; you will find it neatly opied on the other side. Forgive my presumption. I scarcely know hat I write. It is difficult to be coherent, with a bosom full of Inclosed a groan. I shall not miss it. I have a great many left.

Take no heed of HIM or HIS reports. Be true to me, and e may defy HIS malice. When I think of futile attempts to tear wo hearts asunder that are so closely knit together, I laugh like a iend.

Ha ! ha ! ha !

Cupid

LOVE SONG.

Air—"*London now is out of Town.*"

Sweet woman is of many kinds ;
She sometimes is propi-tious ;
She sometimes has a Thousand minds ;
Sometimes is rayther wi-cious.
Above her sex, my love doth shine,
Though by no means a bold 'un,
"I'd crowns resign to call her mine"
—Her name is Missis . . . . . .

Poor Frankenstein, that Prince of fools,
Why grim male monster made he,
When with the self-same clay and tools
He might have built a Lady !
How wealthy in the worlds effects,
If he had made and sold 'un,
So very prime in all respects
As charming Missis . . . . . !

But vain reflection ! who could rear,
On scaffold, pier, or starling,
A creetur half so bright or dear,
As my unmentioned Darling !
No artist in the world's broad ways
Could ever carve or mould 'un,
That might aspire to lace the stays
Of charming Mrs. . . . . .

Rosco's Hotel, Montreal
(which, by the bye, is the worst in
the whole wide world)
21st. May. 1842.

My Dear Friend.

I received your kind letter yesterday : and am truly grate to you for the trouble you have taken in the matter of the Geo Washington. The two state rooms decidedly—and as they offer open a door of communication, please let them do so. It will be great comfort and convenience to us.

My Bostonian factotum will come on to New York a day bef us, with the baggage—I mean the trunks ; not Kate. I will instr him to call in Laight Street and give you timely notice of our mo ments. We are becoming very impatient to move, I assure you.

The young woman as formerly waited on G. Warden and wi begs me to say that her name was at that time Miggs—not "Mogg She considers that though she is but a servant, and her stations humble and her fortunes lowly, no gentleman as can lay any claims sich a title, has a rights to call her out of her name. Her name is a short one, but she considers that it come direct from Evins, a was there invented for her ancestors' use and distinction. She than her blessed Stars that she has no shame in connection with her nam and has no call to disguise it ; and she is of opinion that it hill becon

Publican and Sinner (She is supposed to mean republican) to miscall
s feller creeturs as isn't clothed in purple through no faults of their
vn, but may fly equally up'ards ven the time comes, in calico,
twithstanding.

Kate sends her best love to all. I join her heartily: and
oking forward to our speedy meeting, am always My Dear friend

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

P.S.
nclose one tear for you

My soul—one out of many, wrung from me by the hand of cruel
estiny. It is not so large as I could wish, but you will take the will
r the deed.

Fifteenth July 1842.

y Dear Mrs. Colden.

It is more clear to me than ever that Kate is as near being a
onkey, as one of that sex whose luminary and sun you are, can be.
ou will immediately recall, when I express this—not strong, but merely
pressive opinion,—that she has written about Great Westerns
iling on Fourteenths, and other impossibilities, when all reasoning
ings know that this letter will come by the Cunard boat, and that
e sixteenth is its day—at least I think it is: and any expression of
ine is, I need not say, much better than a fact.

We ought to have written you by the last boat, and fully
tended to have done so; but the thick throng of occupations which
s continually beset me, has really, so far as I am concerned, deprived
e of leisure to do anything I should have liked to do. And even
w in this Preface or Prologue to our future correspondence (in
nich I mean to shine very much) I have only time to be dull, and
clination to be bright.

How we enjoy our own home, and revel in everything connected
th it; and how I every day resolve to go dreadfully to work directly
ter breakfast, break my resolution in favor of some gentlemanly
ece of vagabondism with Maclise and Forster (who, by the bye, are
adly delighted with, and grateful for, the Shaker Pipes) or some
ost riotous game at trap-bat and ball in the Garden with the children
and how I played the accordion perpetually on board ship (as I
rite the words, and remember that you never heard me perform on
at instrument, my soul is filled with grief)—and established a select
nner party of four at the bottom of the table all the way home, who
ere called The United Vagabonds, of which honorable Society I was
resident—are topics which I shall handle in my next. At present
will only add; hearing the Bellman (an English Institution connected
th the Post office, sweet Foreigner); that I wish you would come
d live next door; for the best part of my heart is in Laight Street,
d I find it difficult to get on without it.

God bless you—and—yes—and even—Him. And Them too,

for I never loved any people better. For which reason I am half mournfully, and wholly faithfully

Yours
always
My Dear Mrs. Colden
Charles Dickens.

London 1. Devonshire Terrace
York Gate Regents Park.
Thirty First July 1842.

My Dear friend.

Just to shew that I am a good boy, and not unmindful, being at home, of those to whom I am indebted for so much delight abroad, I write to say—all well—and Mrs. D. going to write, next time. We move off to the Seaside tomorrow morning, and I write this in the agonies of packing, with nothing (except the carpet) in its usual place.

You remember our talking about a certain bust—of Maclise—done by a man in Hoaland Street, who forces folk into his sitting chair. It is in the Exhibition this year, and is certainly not a striking success. I don't think I should have recognised it in a room, but I certainly did not in the academy without referring to the catalogue; though I was looking hard in its face. He says he don't exactly know what to do in the matter, and would like to know. It has good points. If I were he, I should give instructions for having it forwarded.

"Nothing is stirring but stagnation." I thank God that Peel continues hideously unpopular. Our united loves to all at home, beginning with H E R.

Always My Dear Friend
Yours with Sincere reward
Bully and Meek.

The next letter in my collection is twelve years later; correspondence between Dickens and the Coldens had continued in the meantime, and it is hoped will be available for our readers at some later date. David Colden died in April, 1850, aged 53. A few years later Mrs. Colden paid a visit to London, and the following correspondence ensued. The "good Doctor" referred to was Mrs. Colden's brother, Dr. George Wilkes: her sister was Charlotte, who was married to Lord Jeffrey.

Tavistock House
Sunday Night
Eighth January 1854.

My Dear Mrs. Colden.

Life is not long enough for any little misunderstanding among friends who are really friends at heart; and where there is true regard and an affectionate remembrance of past times, it is a Shame that any should subsist.

Pray do not judge me by the omission of a form. I saw today that you thought I might have been to see you, sooner. You have no idea what the pressure upon me has been since my return home

m abroad or how accustomed I am, through the consideration of se who know me best, to disregard little forms for realities.

I came to see you as soon as I had cleared away a number of nands upon my time, and was free to say—as I should have said ou had not been so frosty with me at first—" where shall I go with ı, what companionship can we project together, how will you use in this great place that I know something about." I might have rely shewn myself, a fortnight ago. It is perfectly true, though I d not thought so before today. Pray forgive me and forget it.

You may have heard from Jeffrey how earnestly and habitually ave always spoken since I was in America, of my love for you and ırs. If the good Doctor had not come in like Summer today and me up again, I should have felt under the necessity of speaking that head for myself.

Now do dismiss all but that, and let us be as cordial as when eft you a dozen years ago. If there be any blame, I take it all, here be any slight, you shall have it all. Let it be past in any case.

My Dear Mrs Colden

Always Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Tavistock House
Monday Ninth January 1854

Dear Mrs. Colden.

I cannot tell you how glad I am I wrote to you, and that my fortunate (and most unintentional) omission has been set right. t before you forget it, pray do me the mere justice of diminishing time one half. My first impulse when I came home that Sunday ht, was exactly what you suppose. " Good God ! " said I, " I must and see them directly."—" You can't," said Catherine and Georgina h together, " for they are going to Brighton tomorrow for a few ys." My own Birmingham expedition consumed another week. ke a fortnight off the month on these two accounts, and you really l not do too much.

With kindest regards to your sister and the Doctor, and with st sincere pleasure in the restored warmth of the weather,

Believe me My Dear Mrs. Colden

Not a neglectful

And callous

Ruffian,

But your old friend

Quite unchanged

Charles Dickens

Tavistock House
Monday 10 Minutes past 12
Twenty Second May, 1854

Dear Mrs. Colden

The undersigned Prodigal and Wretch is in a state bordering distraction.

The tickets have not yet arrived. I wrote to Paxton for them

on Saturday—sent down to Sydenham yesterday, not receiving them—messenger saw him, and brought back word that they were Posted.

Still they do not appear. Prodigal's despair and madness ensues. In his aberration, he sends his own ticket for one—in case that should be of any kind of use. It is not to be given up, but brought back.

Enclosed you will find a handfull [*sic*] of hair, torn out wildly by the roots.

Ever Frantically

C D.

Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne
Friday Fourth August 1854

My Dear Mrs. Colden

I am going to send this note to London by my next Household Words parcel, to be posted there. I mention this in the outset, to account for a possible discrepancy between its date and its receipt. It is the first I have written, except on business, since I finished my Hard Times a fortnight ago.

We are perched upon the top of a steep hill on the seashore, in the midst of fields and gardens, where there is always a delightful air blowing. The house is a regular triumph of French domestic architecture—being all doors and windows. Every window blows every door open, and all the lighter articles of dress and furniture fly to all points of the compass. A favorite shirt of mine went to Paris (as I judge from the course it took) this morning. The Camp is about a mile off. We hear nothing of it, except when wretched little soldiers, training to be trumpeters, come and blow their lives away, in hopeless practice at their instruments, outside our gate. I expect a little recruit from the South (who makes cracked and wheezy attempts at all the Regulation calls, six hours a day, under the tuition of two prodigious Giants covered with shaggy hair) to breathe his last with his trumpet, about Saturday or Sunday next.

As to you, I can imagine how happy you all are to be at home again—how heartily you were received by all your friends—how delightful you found the old familiar objects and faces—and how you are now cooling yourselves in some delightful retreat up the North River, or at some of those Springs where I seem to remember a little shaking of hands occasionally taking place. The Doctor must have been profoundly astonished by a mysterious note he got from me just as he left town, informing him "that William Birch's address was Sudlicote." I cannot conceive what he supposed this fortuitous and ghostly communication to mean. It was Elliotson (at Tavistock House with him on the same evening) who had asked me for the address; but this William Birch being a friend of Macready's, I somehow got it into my head—and fixed it tight there—that it was the Doctor who wanted it for some inscrutable purpose.

Talking of Macready, let me tell you that he stayed a week with us before we left town—which was on the 16th. of June. Going over to London with the last sheets of my book, a fortnight ago, I found him there again. I begin to doubt if his own health be at all strong, but he is in excellent spirits just now, in consequence of having obtained a Writership for his eldest son at Ceylon—almost the only

ace in the World where he has a chance of living. He sails next onth. Under the best of circumstances, the father and son are :tle likely to meet again in this world, but the appointment fills iem both with Hope and pleasure.

Mrs. Stowe's letter was pleasant, but—may I whisper it ?—I ıought, a little conceited in its affectation of humility. Her Moony emories are very silly I am afraid. Some of the people remembered ıe most moonily are terrible humbugs—mortal, deadly incarnations ? Cant and Quackery.

I am very anxious to know what is to become of the assachusetts Slavery Question, on which a great deal of importance ) the whole world seems to hang. It is sad to consider such a state f things. I know of nothing in the world presenting such a prodigious ıoral phenomenon, as the whole proceedings of the last audacious ·izure at Boston, in a country existing under the great declaration ff Independence.

When I was in London the other day, the weather was extra-rdinarily and intensely hot—hotter than has been known for years nd years. One morning, I suddenly (the temperature being then ıost violent) found an icy coolness come upon me, accompanied with general stagnation of the blood, a numbness of the extremities, reat bewilderment of mind, and a vague sensation of wonder. I was ·alking at the time, and, on looking about me, found that I was in ıe frigid shadow of the Burlington Hotel. Then I recollected to have xperienced the same sensations once before precisely in that spot. curious case this, don't you think ?

And by the by, will you tell the Doctor with my love, that he greatly missed in the low and vicious haunts of London. I looked ı, on the evening of the same day, at one of these profane places ; nd the habitues appeared to wonder where the american gentleman ·as. The american gentleman reminds me of Felton, who came to 'avistock House soon after you left. He had been everywhere and een everything, but appeared to me to have looked at nothing. He ad a general impression that Rome was a failure, and that Edinburgh ·as " the drollest " place he had ever seen ! ! ! I know it pretty well, ut it never yet presented itself to me in that aspect. However, he hought it so droll, that he bust into fits of laughter in speaking of it. cannot imagine why a man should think the modern athens an mmense practical joke.

I meant to have tried to tell you with how much pleasure and nterest we saw you again, after our long separation and its many hanges—and how much we have talked of you since—and how olindly we have made up our minds that we shall laugh and talk ogether again, in a year or two—and that the atlantic is a mere—vhat shall I say ?—joke—like Edinburgh. But on such points (as on ll occasions of leave taking) I am a miserable coward and positively an not bear to open my mind. So let me pass instead to the Baby's ody, which is in wonderful condition, perpetually running about on wo mottled legs, and falling down on jagged stones that never hurt it. All the other children are in amazing blood likewise. Modesty forbids hat I should refer to myself more explicitly, than to remark that I um of a deep coffee color from lying on my back in the sun, since I inished my story and betook myself to Idleness—which already seems a year ago.

Kate and Georgina unite with me in most affectionate loves to yourself and your sister (O what a wonderful guesser she was, on that stupendous night when she came out with a brilliancy of which legends will survive while the drawing room lasts !), and the Noble Doctor (who wouldn't throw snow upon his head that Burlington day), and your sister in law, and Grace and Hatty. We purpose remaining here until the middle of October and then going home ; but you will all be with us wherever we go.

Kill a calf in my name and let him be a fat one, for I am a repentant prodigal of the largest dimensions. Indeed I am My Dear Mrs. Colden Yours most faithfully and affectionately,

Though once condemned as the abandoned and Stony Hearted Ruffian

## AT THE CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR

One of the most popular attractions at the Chicago World's Fair this year was the Merrie England Village which contained a reproduction of the Globe Theatre, London, in which selections from various Shakespearian plays were presented about eight times daily—reproductions of Anne Hathaway's Cottage, Robert Burns's birthplace, and the Old Curiosity Shop. A photograph appears on the opposite page.

After attending a performance of Shakespeare's "All's Well That Ends Well," the Chicago Branch had their photographs taken in front of the Old Curiosity Shop in the spirit of the lines from the Dickens Fellowship's life of Dickens, by Walter Dexter.

> "It is our loving memory of Little Nell and her grandfather that makes us linger outside a certain so-called Old Curiosity Shop in a street just off Lincoln's Inn Fields, and picture it as the home of the faithful little soul. Yet the house claiming to be the Old Curiosity Shop has no association whatever either with the novelist or the book."

Following this, dinner was had in the Red Lion Inn, at which time rather ambitious plans were laid for the coming season of Fellowship activity.

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## THE DEATH OF SIR ERNEST WILD, K.C.

We deeply regret to record the death of Sir Ernest Wild, K.C., a past President of the Dickens Fellowship, which took place on the 13th September. As Recorder of London he served at the Old Bailey for twelve years and gained a reputation for his administration of the law with fairness and mercy.

An excellent appreciation of Sir Ernest appeared in *The Dickensian* for October, 1926, from the pen of the late W. Pett Ridge, his predecessor in office.

During his term of office Sir Ernest Wild allied himself very closely with the affairs of the Fellowship and the Dickens House Trust, and in his passing we have lost a great Dickensian and a good friend.

The Fellowship tenders its sincere condolences and sympathy with Lady Wild.

Old English Village at the Chicago World's Fair

*Block kindly lent by The Architectural Review*

# A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY OF BARNABY RUDGE

By LILIAN M. HATFIELD BRUSH, Ph.D.
Asst. Professor of Psychology, University of Maine

## FOREWORD

The reader might be interested to know of some of the mental states I experienced while reading the book preparatory to writing this paper. By the time I was a third of the way through the book I was considerably upset to find Dickens persistently terming Barnaby an *idiot* ! I became embarrassed anticipating the necessity of bringing this gross error of Dickens to the attention of a group of his lovers. But by the time I had read the second third of the book a most fascinating idea began taking shape, and whereas before I had become entirely discouraged as to the fertility of the field for psychological study and had felt it futile to read further, now I raced through the remainder to find further evidence of my new idea namely, that here was a pretty case of regression, and would make an excellent case study. I was not disappointed: almost every conversation of Barnaby's was additional evidence.

Although to-day the term *idiot* is a technical term among psychologists referring to the lowest level of intelligence, it is used popularly to some extent to mean also an insane person. In Dickens's day it must have been used even more widely in this latter sense. Whether Dickens uses the term to mean mental disorder (either because he so considered Barnaby or because he felt that that would be the designation used by Barnaby's circle of friends) or whether he used it to refer to intellectual level and really considered Barnaby's intelligence low, it is difficult to discern. He speaks of the noblest powers of the soul being wanting in this unfortunate being. It is difficult to-day for the generally-educated person to encompass the idea that a mentally disordered person may at the same time have a good intellect. Whatever Dickens's true conception of Barnaby's intellect was we must recognise his ability in delineating so accurately a well-defined case of regression.

At a time when even the medical world was just emerging from the old idea that the mentally disordered are possessed of demons and when only the beginnings had been made (at the hands of Pinel in 1801 and lesser men following him) toward systematising the knowledge of the various types of insanity and delineating their symptoms and characteristics (the first clear-cut and widely-accepted system being that of Kraepelin's in 1883)—at this time it is most remarkable to find such a beautifully consistent picture of one of the less common forms of psychosis. It only gives further point to Dickens's claim as an expert student of human personality—and in the abnormal as well as in the normal forms.

Does this study not throw light upon the old question as to why he named the book for Barnaby ? I have read many commentators who state that this seems to be a story without a hero, would go so far as to suggest other titles for it, and question to some extent the central position which Barnaby holds. Certainly, to a psychologist (as Dickens was well qualified to be) there is no figure in the book more interesting, more central, than Barnaby. I firmly believe that Dickens

ew full well what he was doing when he named the book, knew that rnaby was the best delineated of any of the characters—was the sterpiece of the book—and of course that is why he gave it his name !

. . . . .

I am indebted to Dean J. S. Stevens, President of the Orono Old wn Branch of the Dickens Fellowship, for suggesting and encouraging preparation of this paper for publication; and to both him and ofessor Milton Ellis, Head of the Department of English at the iversity of Maine, for helpful suggestions in the preparation of the nuscript.

## THE CASE HISTORY OF A REGRESSION PSYCHOSIS OF THE PARAPHRENIC TYPE

(A twentieth-century psychologist reports as alienist at the trial of Barnaby dge, in the eighteenth century.)

CASE, B. R.—Male, single, aged 28, no occupation, on trial for king active part in the Gordon Riots; first court offence.

*Note.*—Information given by the mother and a few friends.

FAMILY HISTORY.—Father's personality is little known, the mother ng vague on this point, declaring only that he had a very strong l. The mother is about 50 years of age, having a face that was ce pretty, but now bears obvious traces of affliction and care.

PHYSICAL HISTORY.—No illnesses of any note throughout his life. rong and not easily fatigued.

MENTAL FUNCTIONS: PERCEPTION.—Unimpaired; in fact, he gets nsiderable enjoyment out of sheer perceptual life, such as drinking the beauties of nature.

The patient has had such experiences as thus expressed themselves: There are eyes in the knotted panes of glass, and swift ghosts when blows hard." Also in the smoke he once saw forms treading closely each other's heels, catching at each other's skirts—all in a merry nce. These experiences may be considered either as true illusions as examples of the childish practice of reading life into the inanimate. His dream life is fertile in material for speculation and superstition the part of his mother and her friends. He dreams of faces coming se to him, grinning and chattering at him as they crowd down; a man following him; of old white-headed men coming to the side his bed and saying something to him. Not infrequently he has eamed of blood being smeared on walls. There are other dreams olving gold—he often dreams of digging it up from among the ves.

MENTAL FUNCTIONS: INTELLIGENCE.—Although the mother and ends declare he has been an idiot from birth, they are obviously suming the term, for the patient's general intelligence must be good erage or even above, judging from reported excerpts of his con-rsation and observations.

His insight is good: he frequently remarks that he knows people l him silly, but that he will show them. When he asks his mother

how long he will be kept in Newgate, to her reply that she hopes not long, he rejoins: "You hope! Ay, but your hopes will not undo these chains. I hope, but they don't mind that. Grip hopes, but who cares for Grip?" He is patient and apt as a teacher with his pet raven. And his friend Hugh insists, "He's as quick sometimes—I don't mean with his hands, for that you know, but with his head—as you or any man."

His flashes of memory are neither so brief nor so infrequent as his mother or the friends indicate. Among the very convincing evidences of an excellent memory are such instances as his present insistence that within the prison walls of Newgate there is a man whom he recalls having seen as a robber on the road some five years earlier, though when he speaks of this his mother curiously enough tries to stop him and changes the subject. His mother reports conversations involving remarkable memories. One, in particular, throws light not only upon his memory but upon his keen perception. The occasion was when, some small thing having frightened her, Barnaby asked: "Is to-day my birthday?" She answered him: "To-day! Don't you recollect it was but a week or so ago, and that summer, autumn, and winter have to pass before it comes again?" "I remember that it has been so till now," said Barnaby, "but I think to-day must be my birthday too, for all that. I'll tell you why—I have always seen you—I didn't let you know it, but I have—on the evening of that day grow very sad. I have seen you cry when Grip and I were most glad; and look frightened with no reason; and I have touched your hand, and felt that it was cold—as it is now. Once, mother (on a birthday, that was, also), Grip and I thought of this after we went upstairs to bed, and when it was midnight . . . we came down to your door to see if you were well. You were on your knees. I forget what it was you said . . . But you said something in a prayer; and when you rose and walked about, you looked (as you have done ever since, mother, toward night on my birthday) just as you do now. I have found that out, you see, though I am silly. So I say you're wrong; and this must be my birthday. . . ." This conversation is certainly not the reflection of a feeble mind or of a defective memory.

In this same connection we have evidence that he makes use of a high type of imagery, namely, anticipatory: at the present time he is looking forward to the happy home they will have again if he is freed—another cottage, a garden, and maybe gold.

Along with good insight the prisoner also possesses fairly good judgment. Under such an emotional strain as having been marched manacled through the rioting mobs by a bodyguard of soldiers and thrown into prison he has kept enough composure to send a message to his friend Hugh, telling where he is and how he has got there. There is some evidence in the realm of judgment, for a short time during the riots, of a mild delusion of grandeur, purposely induced, no doubt, by Hugh.

His sense of humour is illustrated in such remarks as that made in reference to young Chester. He asked Varden, "Where do you think

's shadow is ? " " Beside him, I suppose," said Varden. " No, he as changed shadows with a woman—her shadow is always with him nd his with her." At all times he is thoughtful of his mother. ypical of his thought of her, sometimes verbally expressed, is the llowing : " How pale you are to-night, mother—we have been cruel, rip, and made her anxious." In their walks together he often keeps y her side and bids her lean upon him. As he thinks of finding gold, e muses : " As I walk along and try to find some of that small money r which she works so hard and used to shed so many tears—I'd go r it if it were a year's journey because I know she would be happier hen I came home and brought some with me." Throughout his eparation from her during the riots he makes frequent inquiries about er comfort from Hugh ; and while he is caring for his father he is blivious to all else but her.

Mental Functions : Emotion.—In the spheres of emotion and olition we find his greatest aberrations from the normal. Although general his mood is one of lightheartedness, so that he runs and mps like a child or will cut off conversations with a childish giggle, ere are times when he oscillates between this gaiety and profound ief. Whenever he can be close to nature he is filled with delight nd contentment. After the emotional tensions of the fighting, owever, he has been almost completely apathetic in the prison cell, owing neither fear nor sorrow.

In this sphere we mention one of the most interesting aspects of the se, namely, his intense phobia of blood. His mother states that the rror was slow and gradual in its development. Certainly, as early five years ago it was well developed, for Mr. Varden reports that on seeing the bloody body of a robber's victim, Barnaby was nvulsed in every nerve, and refused to touch it until urged, and en only if the body was covered.

Mental Functions : Volition.—The patient is reported to be latively incapable of resisting suggestions, having little direction of rpose and becoming an easy victim of circumstance. His attention readily caught by the novel and the exciting, and no doubt this plains his readiness to join the rioters. Once launched upon a urse of action, he follows it blindly until, for some reason, often hard determine, another catches his fancy.

Present Physical State.—Fair height and strong ; rather spare ; le. Upon his face a strange unearthly smile ; his eyes sparkling ightly. He walks with a firm step and has a proud and resolute aring.

Present Mental State.—When interviewed he was neither fearful r sorrowful. Only yesterday he remarked to a friend : " Bless you, m not frightened, Hugh. I'm quite happy. I wouldn't desire to e now, if they'd let me. Look at me ! Am I afraid to die ? Will ey see *me* tremble ? "

Discussion of the Case.—Such a cross-section study of the patient aves many questions to be answered : How can this man, of at ast average intelligence, be so bereft of purposive activity that he

takes no more responsibilities in life than a child? How is it that in the past he has had no interests in life beyond those of a child, but now has taken such active part in these riots and at present is determined to die like a man? How shall we account for his dreams and for this definite fear of blood? What goes on in this patient's mind from day to day, and what forces have been operative in arresting the growth of his personality at a stage corresponding to early adolescence? To answer these questions we must approach the study of his personality from a developmental point of view, and in this picture his mother plays a major rôle.

At the end of the interview, a Mr. Haredale, a friend of the patient's mother, confided to the writer the facts concerning the father: his crime and disappearance on the night of the patient's birth, his constant following of the mother in latter years, her attempt to keep the world and especially her son in ignorance of him, and his recent imprisonment. These facts help us considerably. We have here, then, a boy who has been kept close to his mother throughout his early childhood for protection against a villainous father. Such close association with a woman whose life has been so constantly dominated by fear could not help having a definite effect upon a sensitive child. Its first effect was that of aging the child prematurely. No doubt he was kept away from other children, with the result that he had practically no companions among children of his own age, but played rather with his pet, who easily won a large place in the heart of the lonely child. Nature herself offered them the best playground, and thus we have an early attachment to her beauties. Being so thrown upon his own resources for the greater part of the time, he easily fell into the common childish pastime of day-dreaming, and so began laying the early foundations for his separation from the realities of the world. At the same time he was becoming ever more dependent upon his mother; she meant his only security and protection against the jibes of the children, who very likely regarded him as a mother's boy, and he in turn withdrew into his phantasy life. As the patient grew older the mother provided neither incentive nor encouragement for him to leave her that he might go into the world to learn a trade; he was all she had left in the world, and their close attachment meant probably even more to her than to him; and then there was always the fear that he and his father might meet. Much better, then, that Barnaby stay close by her. His interests and emotions, consequently, became fixed at the level of a mother's baby boy—perpetual adolescence following a precocious childhood. His inner phantasy life increased while his worldly contacts meant only a blind dependence on a source of security and protection—his mother filling this need almost entirely. Probably the only other person playing the same rôle for him was his friend Hugh, who shared with him a joy in nature and love of animals. Thus it was that this friend's influence carried so much weight in keeping our patient through the riots. We have here a rather clear-cut mother-fixation, further evidence of which is given in his constant wonderings about her comfort during the riots. Along with all this

ere is his insight into his own condition: many times he has marked: "They call me silly" or "Even if I are silly I know *that*," ay this idea of his abnormality with him very consistently is ntrivial, but certainly the frequency with which he referred to it ust have given rise to a subconscious feeling of inferiority; and, o subconsciously, there must have been vague yearnings to be like her of his age. If we can accept psychoanalytic symbolisation, we ve a pretty expression of such yearnings for manhood and all that meant in his musings about finding gold as he gazed at the sunset. e coincidence of Stagg's speaking of gold when Barnaby was at the me thinking of it, is a plausible reason for the impression this man ade on our patient. The search for gold symbolised his coming to anhood and becoming independent in the world; and Stagg, with talk of gold, fitted in with that whole consciousness which had gun to take shape, even though only yet in symbolic form. And by e time London was reached he was ready at short notice, and despite mother's pleadings to the contrary, to go off with the crowd and d his gold—an opportunity to break away from his mother, a sponse to the vague yearnings of his subconscious mind to achieve anhood and to achieve it through what he came to consider it—a birth. There is then a flight from the mother, a rebirth (a period which his childish ways are thrown off during which he begins to alise his own work as an adult, and finally an achievement of strength ough to face death. The hangover of unreality in the face of death dicates he is still lost in phantasy—still the old Barnaby who thinks ly of his mother when yet separated from her. Twenty-five years re built into him too firmly this dependence upon her and his day-eaming.

A word must still be said about his dreams. The faces crowding se and grinning at him are no doubt images of the daytime people, th their sneers, grins, and tearings; and the presence of such pertinences in the dreams of the sensitive boy only indicates the greater sibility of his sense of inferiority. In those of men following, and blood upon the walls, we have good evidence of the effect upon him his mother's constant fear. Despite her efforts to conceal it, tainly sensitive Barnaby caught more than she thought—he missed y little. Such remarks as "There are ghosts and dreams abroad night, Barnaby—we must not stir," so innocent to her, must have alled in Barnaby that same uncomfortable feeling which supplied s type of dream. Mr. Haredale reports that once the patient was oming upstairs of a situation similar to that which was happening wnstairs. But this we can discard as the kind of coincidence so en believed to be telepathic by less critical people. His terror of ol doubtless is also the result of just such small remarks made in presence throughout his life; and certainly the pressure on his ht of a small red birthmark bears no connection with the circum-nces surrounding his birth, quite contrary to what all who know n insist—again a pretty fancy of the highly imaginative people his circle.

SUMMARY OF THE CASE.—Here is a clear case of a regression psychosis of the paraphrenic type. It is wholly psychogenic in origin in that it can be accounted for by environmental factors entirely. By regression is meant either an arrest of personality development at an early stage or a coming back to some previous stage after adulthood is attained. Here we have the former, albeit in a mild form known as paraphrenia. In the more extreme forms hope for recovery is very small, but here the prognosis is fairly good. In paraphrenia the patient is desirous of being alone, has no interest in members of the opposite sex, in fact, possesses an emotional life which is not very rich in any sphere. Day-dreaming and phantasy are common, and the patient's interests are at the level of a child's, often being amused by some pet or dolls or "dressing up." Excitement appeals to the patient, and he is likely to be carefree and given to laughing or giggling. There is little consciousness of guilt and very little moral responsibility. There are often hallucinations and illusions and sometimes a rebirth phantasy in which the patient makes a bold attempt to satisfy unconscious yearnings for normality and the fundamental urges of a normal life. McDougall believes that all regressions are results of the checking or putting off or the injuring of these fundamental urges and the subsequent further development of the infantile ones; whereas Freud attributes all regressions either to a mother or a father-fixation. With McDougall we might say that Barnaby's mother checked the development of his adult urges by keeping him close to her and thereby encouraged the further development of his infantile day-dreaming; or with Freud we can easily see that here is a mother-fixation, so that both sets of facts are here operative.

PROGNOSIS.—There is some chance that with re-education and new and more adult interests in life the patient will gradually adjust himself at a more mature level. With the glimpse he has had of independent living he may go further toward developing. But so long as he remains with his mother, improvement is doubtful: it will be too easy to drop back into the old easy carefree way of life.

TERMINATION OF THE CASE: TWO WEEKS LATER.—The writer learns that the patient is living with his mother again in one of the neighbouring villages, and friends report that his whole experience in London seems like a terrible dream to him and that he cannot be urged to return to the city, but that he has in everything else become more rational and has a better memory and a greater steadiness of purpose.

COMMENT.—This is, no doubt, a result of his recent contact with reality, which served to purge him from his childish ways and phantasies. It is doubtful that he will ever reach complete maturity, but for that matter he will not be very different from a great many of the rest of us.

# UNIQUE ITEMS IN FAMOUS DICKENS COLLECTIONS

## 7. THE FORSTER COLLECTION AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON

### MANUSCRIPTS

IVER TWIST (Chapter 12 to 43 only).
E LAMPLIGHTER.
ETCHES OF YOUNG COUPLES.
STER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK. The Pickwick and Weller chapters only.
E OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.
RNABY RUDGE.
ERICAN NOTES.
RTIN CHUZZLEWIT.
E CHIMES.
CTURES FROM ITALY.
MBEY AND SON.
VID COPPERFIELD.
EAK HOUSE.
CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.
RD TIMES.
TTLE DORRIT.
TALE OF TWO CITIES.
E MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD.
DICATION to the 1847 Edition, THE PICKWICK PAPERS.
EFACE to 1848 Edition, NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.
EFACE to Vol. I, MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.
EFACE to Vol. III, MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.
NOUNCEMENT to Readers of MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.
DICATION of Vol. I, MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.
CARDED DEDICATION of Vol. I, MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.
EFACE to 1849 Edition, MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.
N for the first number, DAVID COPPERFIELD.
N for the first number, LITTLE DORRIT.
Y BILL of private theatricals, Montreal 1842 with names of the performers in Dickens's hand.
RIES for 1838, 1839, and 1840 (only a few entries in each).
VOLUME OF LETTERS to John Forster.
VOLUME OF LETTERS from America 1842, including addresses of welcome, press cuttings, etc.

The following miscellaneous writings:

Macready as King Lear.
Oxford Commission.
Macready as Benedick.
Capital Punishment.
Drunkards' Children.
Rising Generation.
Poetry of Science.
Edinburgh Printers' School Association.
American Panorama.
Chinese Junk.
Ignorance and Crime.
Niger Expedition.
Judicial Special Pleading.
Paradise at Tooting.
Tooting Farm.
Court Ceremonies.
European Life and Manners.
Virginie and Black-eyed Susan.
Begging Letter Writers.
Amusements of the People.

## CORRECTED PROOFS

PREFACE TO PICKWICK. 1847.
PREFACE TO NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. Revised for 1848 edition.
TITLE PAGE, MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK, Vol. I.
PREFACE TO MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK, Vol. 1.
ANNOUNCEMENT TO READERS OF MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK, August, 1841.
ANNOUNCEMENT TO READERS OF MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK, September, 1841.
BARNABY RUDGE (Portion).
MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.
THE CHIMES.
DOMBEY AND SON.
DAVID COPPERFIELD.
BLEAK HOUSE.
HARD TIMES (Household Words).
LITTLE DORRIT.
EDWIN DROOD (Portion).
GREAT EXPECTATIONS (Portion).

HE BEGGING LETTER WRITER.

HE AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.

AYBILL of Theatricals at Tavistock House, 1855.

HE SPIRIT OF CHIVALRY.

### PRESENTATION COPIES

KETCHES BY BOZ. Second Series. Second Edition. 1837 (1836 on the engraved title). Inscribed

*John Forster Esqre.*
*With the author's sincerest regards.*

HE PICKWICK PAPERS. Crimson Leather. 1837. Inscribed

*John Forster Esqre.*
*From his sincere friend*
*Charles Dickens.*

HE PICKWICK PAPERS. American Edition. Philadelphia. 1838. Inscribed

*John Forster Esquire.*
*From his attached friend*
*Charles Dickens.*

LIVER TWIST. 3 Vols. Original cloth. 1838. Inscribed in Vol. I

*John Forster.*
*From his attached friend*
*Charles Dickens.*

EMOIRS OF JOSEPH GRIMALDI. 2 Vols. Original cloth. 1838. Inscribed in Vol. I

*John Forster Esquire.*
*From his attached friend*
*Charles Dickens.*

ICHOLAS NICKLEBY. 1839. Inscribed

*John Forster.*
*From his attached friend*
*Charles Dickens.*

KETCHES OF YOUNG COUPLES. 1840. Inscribed

*John Forster*
*From his faithful friend*
*Charles Dickens.*

ARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. 1844. Inscribed

*John Forster*
*From his attached friend*
*Charles Dickens.*
*Second July* 1844.

HE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH. 1846. Inscribed

*John Forster*
*From his affectionate friend*
*Charles Dickens.*
*8th December* 1845.

DAVID COPPERFIELD. 1850. Inscribed
*John Forster*
*From his affectionate friend*
*Charles Dickens.*
*Third December* 1850.

BLEAK HOUSE. 1853. Inscribed
*John Forster*
*From his affectionate friend*
*Charles Dickens*
*Fifth October* 1853.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES. 1859. Inscribed
*Charles Dickens to John Forster.*
*Sixth December* 1859.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND. 1865. Inscribed
*Charles Dickens to John Forster.*
*Seventeenth November* 1865

PICKWICK PAPERS. Library Edition 1858. Inscribed
*Tenth November* 1859.
*To my dear old friend John Forster.*
*With my affectionate and undying regard.*
*Charles Dickens.*
(This note accompanied the 26 volumes of this edition.)

## ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.
About 40 pencil sketches and tracings for transfer to the etching plates, for *Sketches by Boz.*
About 16 pencil sketches and tracings for transfer to the etching plates, for *Oliver Twist.*
About 13 pencil sketches and tracings for transfer to the etching plates, for *Memoirs of Grimaldi.*

HABLOT K. BROWNE:
Sheet of pencil sketches of Mr. Dombey.

DANIEL MACLISE, R.A.
The Spirit of The Bells, frontispiece to *The Chimes,* 1845.

## PORTRAITS, ETC.

Pencil Portrait of Dickens, by George Cruikshank (c. 1838).

Dickens and His Friends on the Cornish Tour, 1842. Pen and ink sketch by W. M. Thackeray.

The Logan Rock, Cornwall, 1842, figuring Dickens, Forster, Maclise and Stanfield, by Clarkson Stanfield, R.A.

Pencil Sketch of Dickens reading *The Chimes,* 1844, by Daniel Maclise, R.A.

Portrait in Oils, "Dickens in his Study," by W. P. Frith, R.A., 1859

Painting in Oils, "The Girl at the Waterfall," by Daniel Maclise R.A., 1842.

Painting in Oils, "Dolly Varden," by W. P. Frith, R.A., 1849.

Water Colour, "The Grave of Little Nell," by George Cattermole

Desk Slope used by Dickens a few hours before his death.

# THE ORIGINAL PICKWICK PAPERS

## THE COLLATION OF A PERFECT FIRST EDITION

By W. MILLER and E. H. STRANGE

(*Continued from page* 259, *Vol. xxx*)

### PART XII.

#### VER.

Outer front cover has the distinctive serial number XII. Inside advertised in two columns eleven New Works printed for Longman, es, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman. Back cover inside adver- s "Important Invention In The Fine Arts, Cowen and Waring's vly invented Caoutchouc, or India-Rubber Canvas, for Oil Painting." ter back cover bears a notice of Frazer's Magazine For 1837, giving ntents of the January Number (Second Edition) and of the February mber.

#### VERTISEMENTS.

These consists of The Pickwick Advertiser of eight pages, un- mbered, and back inset, a little booklet of eighteen pages. On page f the Advertiser are advertised in half measure four works, beginning h "New Edition of Lingard's England," and at the foot of the ge, whole measure, "The Book of Family Crests." Pages 3 and 4 devoted to "The Pictorial History Of England. Prospectus," ge 5 "The Monthly Magazine of Politics, Literature, and Science"; ge 7, "Argus Life Assurance Company." A variant of the Advertiser es pages 2 and 3 as we have described 3 and 4, and page 4 as page 2. e little booklet after the text consists of 18 pp. all numbered except two first, contained in a wrapper of two varying colours, outer front apper "Mechi's Catalogue of Cutlery &c. Inventor of the Magic op and Paste. No. 4, Leadenhall Street, London. Fourth House m Gracechurch Street." This same inset is found in Part XIX-XX.

#### LATES.

Two steel plates were etched for each illustration. THE VALEN- NE. There is no newspaper on the floor in the first plate as ere is in the second. The "D" in the word "Dublin" is reversed the first plate, corrected in the second. A stick lies on the floor in nt of the spittoon and a loop appears at the top of the bell-rope in e second plate. Each plate appeared with and without pagination. e reasonable presumption is that in each case the plate without gination is prior to that with pagination, and we know of no con- leration which tends to throw doubt on this presumption. THE RIAL. In the first plate Mr. Perker's hat is not shown on the front nch, as in the second. Mrs. Cluppins's hat has a feather in it, as well Mrs. Saunders', whereas in the second plate the feather is replaced a ribbon. Both plates appear unpaged as well as paged, the former ior to the latter. By a curious mistake the second issue plate when

**First Plate**

**(Lower portion)**

paged is always wrongly paged 353, not 358. The second plate continued to be used, like the Phiz plates of Part III, with a caption added, when the bound volume appeared.

TEXT.

The distinguishing marks of first issue text are as follows :—

Page 341.—Last word in first line "inde," line 5 "inscription." The stereotyped second issue has "inbelicate" and "inscriptino."

Page 343.—Line 23 from bottom, first issue has single and double inverted comma after last word "ashamed," which is correct, but the stereotyped second issue omits the single inverted comma.

Page 345.—Line 5, ends with a semi-colon, which is missing in the second issue. Line 27 from bottom ends with a comma in first issue, missing in the second.

Page 349.—Lines 8 to 12 from bottom show a break in the alignment of the type at the beginning of these lines in the second issue, whereas the first issue is perfect.

Page 354.—Line 27, first issue is perfect. Second omits the inverted commas at the end of the line.

Page 355.—Last word of page, first issue lacks the last letter, supplied in the second issue.

Page 356.—Line 22 from bottom, first issue is perfect, second lacks the comma at the end of the line, first letter in the line is damaged.

Page 358.—Lines 11 to 15, the alignment of type is broken at the end of the lines in first issue, not in second.

Second Plate
(Lower portion)

similar break on the next page, line 8, however, was not corrected in the stereotyped second issue.)

Page 364.—First issue has a quad mark between the words "that he" in the third line from the bottom. Second stereotyped issue shows the "d" of "derstand" in line 23, and the second "l" of "willing," line 8 from bottom, damaged.

Page 366.—Line 15, first issue has a semi-colon at the end of the line, missing from the second issue.

Page 367.—A quad mark before line 6 from bottom in first issue.

Page 369.—Line 16, there is a quad mark in the first issue between last two words.

## PART XIII.

### OVER.

Front cover outside bears the distinctive serial number XIII. side Cowen and Waring's "Important Invention In The Fine Arts," e same as the inner back cover of Part XII, except that the third stimonial is by R. B. Davis, not Samuel Drummond. Inner back ver advertises three books published by Thoman Hurst, "Manly xercises," "Exercises for Ladies" and "Games and Sports." Outer ck cover eleven New Works printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, own, Green and Longman, I–X set in two columns, and XI in full easure at the foot of the page.

### DVERTISEMENTS.

These consist of four items, two front including the Advertiser, and wo back insets. Preceding the Advertiser is the very rare inset o. 4, unnumbered, advertising on the first page "Pigot's Coloured

Views " ; page 2 " The Percy Anecdotes " and " The Olio," pages 3 and 4 " List of Cumberland's British and Minor Theatre." The Advertiser announces on page 2 " Publishing Monthly, price Sixpence The Magazine Of Domestic Economy " ; page 4 " Flowers And Flowe Gardens " introducing three works on flowers, with four other titles ending with " A Treatise On Painful And Nervous Diseases." Pag 6 begins with " Mr. Curtis's New Works On The Ear And Eye " ; pag 8 " Travelling And Hunting Maps " ; page 10 shows the three heading " The Imperial Classics," " Caution," " Ringworm Effectually Cured," and a woodcut of three chairs of G. Minter. Page 12 is headed " Th Ageracome, Pomade," and displays four wood-cuts of tea-pots. Pag 14 is headed " The Light Of Other Days," introducing Gowland' Lotion, and advertises in the lower half " Tyzack's Imperial Jet Blac Ink," with a distinguished list of patrons. Page 16 is headed " Indis pensable For Personal Comfort And Attraction " and advertises fou toilet preparations of A. Rowland and Sons. Back advertisement are a four page inset, numbered on all but the first page, with th imprint W. Tyler, Printers, Boltcourt, Fleet-street on page 4. Thi advertises " Ward's Miscellany," with contents of the first three part on pages 2 and 3 ; " The Condensed Commentary and Family Exposi tion of the Holy Bible " on page 3, on page 4, " Prize Essay On Sailors entitled " Britannia," and a work by R. Mudie entitled " Spring." A two page inset, unnumbered, page 1 " Argyll Rooms " with two wood cuts of the premises, before and after the fire of 1830, the whole runnin from bottom to top, not across the page ; page 2 headed " Manu facturer Of Dressing Cases, Writing Desks " and set in two columns.

PLATES.

From now onwards the illustrations appeared without paginatio and differences between impressions from first and second steel plate used are very slight, though present throughout the pictures. THE CARD ROOM AT BATH. In the first plate the cards on the tabl are very faintly indicated, but the candles in the sconces of the mirro on the right of the picture are clearly drawn. In the second plat these candles are not seen, but the cards are very distinct. MR WINKLE'S SITUATION WHEN THE DOOR BLEW TO. In th first plate Mrs. Dowler's hair (or kerchief) does not touch her lef shoulder as it does her right shoulder, the pole on the ground is lef unshaded by cross lines at both ends, details altered in the secon plate. The fat linkman's hat does not touch the ground in the firs plate, as in the second.

TEXT.

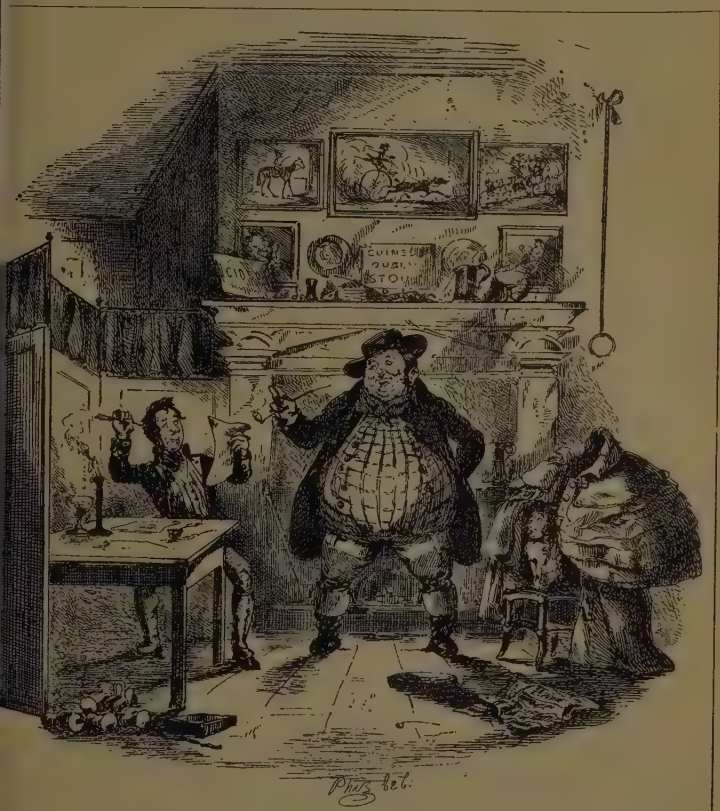
Page 374.—Line 5, first issue has a semi-colon after " I loved her," second has only a slightly damaged comma. Lin 6, first issue has an inverted comma at the end of th line, second omits this.

Page 377.—Last line, first issue has a semi-colon after " knock," omitted in the second issue.

Page 379.—Second line begins with a double inverted comma in first issue, a single one in second.

Page 380.—Last word "He'l" in first issue, "He'll" in second.

Page 381.—Lines 15 and 16 out of alignment in the first word in the first issue, correctly aligned in the second.



Second Plate

The Variations from the first plate will be seen on referring to page 35

Page 383.—A hyphen at the end of the first line of second paragraph in the first issue, omitted in the second.

Page 384.—Line 13, first issue has a colon between last two words, second a comma.

Page 387. First issue has a comma at the end of last line, omitted in the second issue, where also the last letter of line above is damaged.

Page 389. Last numeral 9 is set higher than the other two in first issue, corrected in second. Line 7, the word "wish" is divided between second and third letters in first issue, between first and second in second.

Page 390. Last line, semi-colon perfect in first issue, lower half wanting in the second.

Page 392. Line 4 from bottom, in the first issue a quad mark after "looked at."

Page 393. Line 7 from bottom, first issue has a comma after "as," second has not. Line 2 from bottom at the end of the line first issue has the second of the two inverted commas set too high up, second issue has them level.

Page 397. Line 4 from bottom, first issue has no space between words "Ithink," corrected in second issue.

## LANGDALE THE VINTNER OF HOLBORN

Over fifty London members, under the guidance of Mr. H. J. Roffey, visited the offices of James Buchanan and Co., Ltd., 26 Holborn, one Saturday in September. The party was received on behalf of the Directors by Mr. H. Buckland and conducted through all the rooms down into the cellars and out on to the roof.

When the premises were modernised some years ago, Lord Woolavington, who is a keen Dickensian, ordered that as few alterations as possible should be made in the building. The cellars are exactly as they were at the time of the riots, although it is not now possible to walk through them out into Fetter Lane, that part of the building having been rebuilt. A visit to the roof was intensely interesting, showing the original buildings, and how the present refaced building really comprises a series of smaller buildings.

After the inspection of the building was over, the party was invited to an excellent tea, after which Mr. Roffey proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Buckland and the Directors, which was seconded by Mr. F. S. Johnson, who pointed out that this visit was quite unique, as this building, so closely associated with the riots of *Barnaby Rudge* has hitherto never been thoroughly explored by Dickensians.

Too much cannot be said for the warm and hearty hospitality extended, and the perfection with which the arrangements were carried out from beginning to end. F.S.J.

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## MISS MURRAY OF "THE GEORGE" IN THE BOROUGH

By the passing of Miss Agnes Murray at the end of October at the age of eighty-one there will be a sad gap in Dickensian London. She was the genial proprietress of the "George Inn" in the Borough for longer than most of us can remember, and her unfailing courtesy endeared her to thousands of friends the world over.

# IF SCROOGE HAD DIED FIRST

By J. H. McNULTY

EADERS of *A Christmas Carol* have been accustomed to regard Marley as an exact copy of Scrooge, his double, "a squeezing, nching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner." In ent times, however, discerning readers have been inclined to take inder view of Jacob, and there is much in the book to justify this nge of opinion.

When the "portly gentlemen," who had asked Scrooge for a donation their Christmas Fund, heard that Marley was dead, they said, "We e no doubt that his liberality is well represented by his surviving tner." It is at least possible, and even probable, that they meant at they said and did not speak sarcastically. Sarcasm seems quite sign to their kindly nature.

Marley's unhappy state in the other world may appear a difficulty I suggest an ill-spent life. But his condition is similar to that of mlet's father, and no one thinks very badly of him. "He was a ndly king," said Horatio; and Hamlet, naturally critical of everyng and everybody, gives him that splendid epitaph, "He was a n, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again." It ot derogatory to any ordinary person to be considered in the same ss as the elder Hamlet.

The chief point in favour of Marley is his great kindness to Scrooge. took a long journey on a cold night to help his friend. How many us, unless we happened to be doctors, would have done as much? f it had not been for Marley's visit there would be no *Christmas rol*. We all owe him a debt of gratitude for that. While the dence in favour of Marley may not be absolutely convincing to all, s at least sufficient to give good grounds for the belief that he was enerous, kind-hearted man. Now supposing that the hard-hearted ooge had died before the kind and gentle-hearted Marley and left n to carry on the business, what a different *Carol* we should have. might begin something like this:—

Scrooge was dead to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about t. His death certificate had been signed by two doctors, for ooge, who loved to be up to date, had left orders that his body uld be cremated.

Old Scrooge was as dead as mutton. I don't mean to say there nything particularly dead about mutton. Beef, pork or veal seem me to be equally dead. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the ase, and modern custom has confirmed the aptness of the comison and that should be sufficient for the most controversial of us. Marley knew he was dead; of course he did, how could it be otherwise? knew the extra work his death had entailed and how he had made b Crachit a partner in the firm in order to assist in carrying on business. Marley had never removed Scrooge's name from the ss plate, though he had had the name of Crachit added.

What a generous open-handed kind-hearted man Marley was!

Friends and acquaintances, of whom he had many, stopped him i the street to say "My dear Marley, how are you? When will yo dine with us?" Children loved to ask him the time, beggars ofte implored an alms, and never in vain. He had on several occasion paid the fines imposed by magistrates on beggars who had aske for and received assistance from him. He certainly incited men an women to break the law against begging by his readiness to assi all who asked for help, and sad to relate he was quite unrepentan

Once upon a time, on Christmas Eve, old Marley sat busy in h office. It was a warm sunny day, typical Christmas weather, wit a temperature that would put many a May or June to shame. Indee it only needed a slight lengthening of daylight to complete the illusio that spring had arrived four months ahead of the calendar. Ju as dusk was descending on the city and lights began to twinkle in th office windows, two portly gentlemen, pleasant to behold, were show into his private room. They had books and papers in their hand "Scrooge, Marley and Crachit's, I believe," said one of the gentleme "Whom have I the pleasure of addressing?"

"Mr. Crachit is engaged and Mr. Scrooge had been dead thes seven years," replied Marley.

"We have no doubt," said the gentlemen, "that his liberality well represented by his surviving partners . . ."

At the ominous word "liberality;" Marley, who well knew th miserliness of his dead friend and was anxious to shield as far possible his honour, at once interrupted. "Yes, yes, certainly, shall be delighted to assist; just sit down a moment and I will wri you a cheque. I am only too pleased to help, and as there may some back payments, will you do me the favour of accepting this

"My dear Sir," exclaimed the portly gentleman, "I don't kno what to say to such munificence, but in the name of the poor an destitute, whose cause we plead, I thank you." "We wish you Merry Christmas," said both gentlemen together. "You have helpe to make others happy, may you be happy yourself."

The closing hour arrived, and Marley, after shaking hands wi all the members of the staff (Christmas boxes had been distribute several days earlier) and giving and receiving good wishes, start homewards.

A soft warm rain was falling as he went out; he was old-fashion enough to wish it were snow. He lived in the suburbs, and a sho journey brought him home. He was looking forward to a pleasa evening occupied in making preparations for the morrow. A brig fire was burning in the parlour, for though it was quite warm t dampness of the evening made a fire very welcome. As he enter he looked up at the portrait of Scrooge hanging above the mant shelf; Scrooge with his emaciated keen face and his sharp piercin eyes. Marley had often wondered if he ever closed them; he h never seen him asleep or caught him napping so he had not been ab to settle the question. Perhaps shut or open it would make little diffe ence, eyes as sharp as those could pierce any lids. Suddenly a fier

vn overspread the features of the portrait, a moment after the e resumed its ordinary expression. " What is the matter with me night ? " exclaimed Marley. " I'm seeing things : I must have my sses changed after the holidays."

He sat down by the fire and began reading the letters on the table, he was not to remain undisturbed, for scarcely had he comfortably led himself in his arm-chair when he noticed an unpleasantly l draught blowing through the room. He looked towards the r, but it was shut, and at the window; that was closed too. A d knocking at the street door, followed by a quick, hurried step in hall, showed him that some visitor had arrived. Then, unannounced unexpected, there walked into the room his old friend and partner, oge. As he entered, the gas light flickered violently for a moment then burned with redoubled brilliance, as though it cried, " I w him ! Scrooge's Ghost ! "

crooge it was, just as he remembered him years ago ; the same ck step, the alert deportment, the same ferret-like eyes.

My dear Ebenezer," he cried, " I am delighted to see you."

Don't be flowery, Jacob," said the Spirit. " Before you express pleasure at seeing me, hear what I have to say. How's the iness ? "

Fairly well, considering the difficult times we're living in."

Only fairly well," said the Ghost. " Why aren't you doing ter ? Have you economised, cut down salaries and wages ? "

No," said Marley, " I have avoided that so far. I hope to avoid ltogether."

Humbug," exclaimed the Ghost. " If you are doing little business do not need so many clerks. If you increased their hours, one r earlier in the morning and one hour later in the evening, you ght dismiss half of them."

But," expostulated Marley, " how could the poor chaps find er jobs if I sacked them ? "

That's their affair, not yours," snarled the Ghost, " besides, are re no prisons ? Are there no workhouses ? "

Surely, Ebenezer, you would not like one of those who have ed the firm well to end his days in one of those institutions ? "

Why not ? " replied the Ghost. " What do you pay your taxes if it isn't to support those institutions, and if you pay for them shouldn't you make use of them ? Besides, they are, I under- nd, far more comfortable than they used to be."

No, no," said Marley, " I couldn't allow such a thing."

Why is Bob Crachit's name added to that of the Firm ? " asked Ghost.

I wanted help and made him a partner. Do be reasonable, enezer."

There's no harm in his sharing the work, so long as he does not re the profit. Does he ? "

Why, of course he does," answered Marley, " he is a partner."

Humbug ! " cried the Ghost, quivering so violently with indignation

that his diaphanous frame seemed on the point of dissolution. " course, you have reduced your donations to charity ? Don't answ me, I know you haven't, I can see it in your face. But do you st persist in your insane habit of wasting your subscriptions by givi anonymously ? "

" Well," replied Marley, trying to excuse himself for his folly, " wh it's the firm's money, of course I give the name, but when it's personal gift I sometimes prefer to remain anonymous."

" Worse and worse," cried the Spirit. " Don't you know that big subscription from the head of a firm is often a valuable adverti ment for the firm itself ? "

" But I don't subscribe for the sake of advertisement," protest poor Marley.

" Then in the name of commonsense what do you subscribe for ?

" Charity, of course."

" Oh, Miserable Man," cried the Ghost. " Charity ! Have y no better reply ? And do you still encourage beggars to break t law by giving to every whining mendicant you meet ? Now ma me, Jacob, if you must ruin yourself, do ; but remember the busin is mine. I built it up and left it to you a flourishing concern. isn't fair to me to ruin it for the sake of sloppy sentimentality. Y know it isn't. Sentiment in business spells Bankruptcy. People sa I was hard ; perhaps I was, but I was just as hard to myself. stinted myself of all luxuries, living on the bare necessities of li and now you are ruining everything. It is grossly, cruelly unfai There was almost a sob in the Ghost's voice as he uttered these wor and Marley, in spite of himself, was touched.

" You were always a good man of business, Ebenezer," he faltere

" I have come to try to make you one," said the Ghost, " and give you one more chance. You will be haunted by Three Spiri The Spirit of the Law you have offended by encouraging beggi the Spirit of Economy you have treated with contempt, and the Spi of Independence you have undermined and insulted by your ind criminate almsgiving. Expect the first to-morrow when the clo strikes one. Expect the second on the next night at the same ho and the third upon the next night at twelve o'clock."

The Ghost approached the window and beckoned to Marley follow. He did so, and on looking out he beheld, not the trim garde and houses of the pleasant suburb in which he lived, but the gre business houses of the City. The Ghost waved his hand towar them and said, " They have all done it."

" Look again," he cried ; and now they appeared to be in the cen of a great industrial town. The Ghost, pointing to the factories a warehouses, again cried, " And they have all done it too."

' Done what ? " asked Marley timidly.

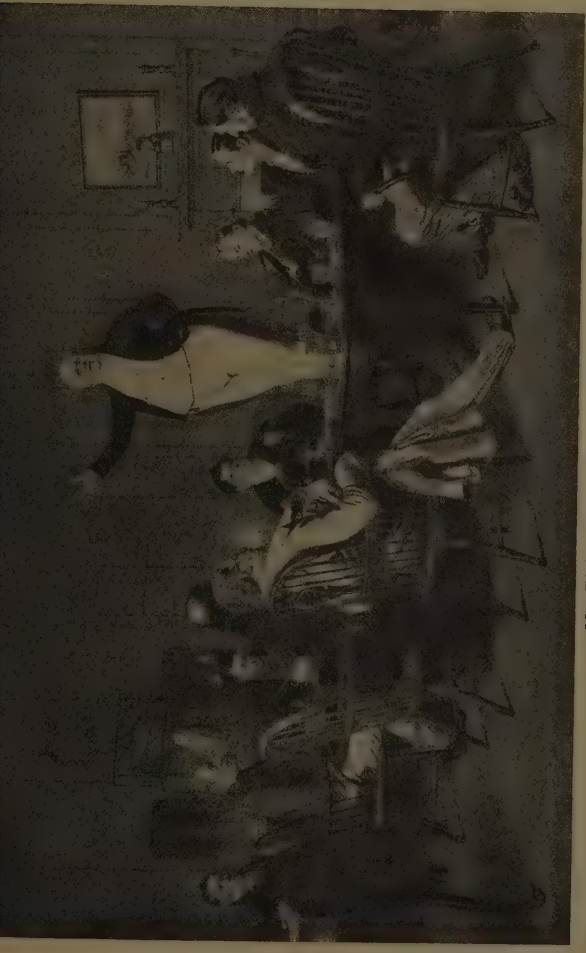
" Economised in salaries and wages."

Suddenly Marley pulled himself together and burst out, " Lo here, Scrooge, it's all wrong, you know it is. Here you are returni from the other world to tell me to be less kind to people. It shou

he other way round. I ought to be dead and be coming back to you to be more kind. That's what the book says."

Yes, I know it does," said Scrooge's ghost, " but that was written y years ago. Things have altered since then. But we really nt to be getting back."

loud rustling among the leaves of a book on one of the shelves was d for a moment, and then silence reigned throughout the library.



Mr. Pickwick Addresses The Club

This striking painting by Charles Green, R.I., has recently been presented to The Dickens House by Count de Suzannet

*Block kindly lent by the Editor of "The Sphere"*

# THE EDUCATION OF DAVID COPPERFIEL

By S. J. RUST, M.Com.

"WHAT was the curriculum followed by David Copperfield Doctor Strong's school?" This question, propounded by film director who wished to be unassailably correct in his interpretati of a Dickens masterpiece, suggested to me that the whole educati of David Copperfield is worthy of research, especially as the natu of teaching is changing rapidly now. In fact, I doubt whether t younger readers of Copperfield's childhood do not already conn quite a different type of school from that which Dickens intended portray.

David's childhood falls naturally into four periods: (1) at hor with his mother; (2) at Salem House under Creakle; (3) the peri between Salem House and Doctor Strong's, chiefly at Murdstone a Grinby's warehouse: and (4) at Doctor Strong's.

The first period lasted until he was about eight years and fo months old. David told the waiter that he was between eight a nine when on his way to Salem House. It was in mid-summer tim during the summer vacation, and his birthday was in March. left Salem House on his ninth birthday. The third period occupi rather more than a year, if I read aright Miss Trotwood's referen to "The last ten years and upwards—ever since your sister, Bets Trotwood, disappointed me." The fourth period, that at Doct Strong's, lasted until David was seventeen.

During the first period his mother was his teacher. She taug him to read and write, and he certainly read very well, so well th he could at a later date retail the stories of half a dozen books Steerforth. After her marriage she continued the lessons under t baneful supervision of the Murdstones. The very atmosphere creat by their presence would militate against progress by a boy so sensiti as David. The style of tuition was also not conducive to rapid learnin David learned by heart a certain number of lines from his text-boo and then repeated them as best he could, the exact words, rather th an intelligent understanding of them, being the test of knowledg This might not have been so bad had the text-books been suitab compiled, but anyone who has looked into the school books of hundred years ago must wonder how the poor pupils learned anythin History was merely a list of facts—kings, wars, battles, treaties mere unintelligible names with dates. Geography started with defi tions of such words as peninsula and isthmus, but then went on strings of names of capes, of rivers, of towns, of mountains, possib of industries, but never made an attempt to connect cause with effe or to make the facts other than isolated items devoid of interes Grammar was even more appalling, for it loved to force children learn definitions of the undefinable. I think it was Mark Tapl who said that all the grammar he ever learned was "A verb is a wo that means being, doing, or suffering." This was typical of the mea ingless rubbish that poor little David repeated to his mother, wh

dispiriting Murdstones looked on gloatingly. I cannot picture Copperfield teaching David arithmetic beyond simple addition subtraction. In fact, I have an idea that David was not naturally d with figures, but Murdstone's bullying demand for "Five sand double Gloucester cheeses at fourpence half-penny, present nent," might have led a heaven-born mathematician to hate all ılation.

these days I doubt whether we should consider David a very tward boy of eight if he were able to do little more than read ligently and recount what he had read in a lucid and enter- ng style. But those were the days of crammed infancy, when ı Stuart Mill learned Greek at three, and Paul Dombey was idered woefully ignorant because he knew nothing of Latin ımar at six. I fear, therefore, that David was regarded at Salem se, not merely as an untamed young animal, but also as an ught young ignoramus.

e must be fair to Salem House. It was quite a good school, as ols were reputed in those days. Mrs. Steerforth would not have James to any school which had not a high reputation. Traddles from it to get through his Law examinations. It is significant when David meets old school fellows in later life, it is those of m House whom he encounters, not from Doctor Strong's. But id tells us that this school was unlike Doctor Strong's as evil is ke good. The atmosphere was morally bad. Yet, despite the rring influence of Creakle and the man with the wooden leg, p and Mell instilled some knowledge into the boys. I would go so far as to suggest that a boy like Traddles, who could quickly away a caning, and who could forget cruelty by drawing skeletons, ıt acquire knowledge quicker under Creakle than under the less re discipline of the kind Doctor. But with a boy of David's perament, it is a wonder that he progressed at all at Salem House. in the few months he was there, he progressed well, and was able to decline a Latin noun or adjective, or conjugate a Latin for the entertainment of a pawnbroker.

that period of a little more than a year during which David no systematic tuition it is not my present intention to speak, pt to remark that I do not believe that David had forgotten his er studies so completely as he thought. My own experience is a bright, intelligent child never forgets, but a long vacation ers his knowledge less ready to hand. It quickly returns.

octor Strong, who ruled by kindness and taught because he loved ubject and loved his pupils, stands out as one of the new type of ic school masters which included Arnold of Rugby, Longley of row, and Moberly of Winchester. In one way we may claim ng as the doyen among them. Arnold went to take charge of by in 1828, just about the time that Strong was retiring from his ol at Canterbury. I base this assertion on the statement in pter xxxvi, that the church that stands on the top of Highgate was not there when David went to call upon Doctor Strong after

his retirement, but an old red-brick mansion, used as a school, stood in its place. The Mansion House was pulled down in 1830, and St. Michael's Church, built on the site, was dedicated in 1832.

My object in thus claiming for the fictitious Doctor Strong that he preceded the real Doctors Arnold, Longley, and Moberly as benevolent schoolmasters is that I think Dickens meant to emphasise the pioneer work of Strong. To Dickens the imparting of knowledge was not the most important part of a schoolmaster's duty. He refers to the grossly incompetent Marton, the friend of Little Nell, as the "Good Schoolmaster," while he evidently would not apply that epithet to Doctor Blimber, the highly competent teacher who limited his school to ten pupils, despite the fact that he had two efficient assistant teachers. Dickens placed the building of character, by example as well as precept, as the first duty of the teacher. The soul was, to him, more important than the crammed mind.

Having said so much, I hope that I shall not be misunderstood when I say that I do not think that Doctor Strong's curriculum was broader than that of Creakle, or that his methods were technically more advanced.

There can be no doubt that Latin was the chief subject of the school. It would have been so at any such school. David's progress in this subject was rapid and sound. Conscious of his own deficiency, happy in his associations, keenly anxious to justify the confidence which Miss Trotwood and Mr. Dick reposed in him, he worked much more diligently than most boys, and soon overhauled many who had started well ahead of him. We hear of his "growing great in Latin verses," and doubtless he was turning out Latin which was most pleasing to his tutor. But we must not run away with the idea that the teaching had been perfect. Knowing David's love of romance we might be tempted to picture him delighting in the Gallic War of Cæsar, or in the wanderings of Æneas, but the evidence of the schools of that period shows that, even at Eton, the classic languages were taught for themselves rather than for the glorious stories they could tell. It was the grammar which interested the teacher, and he went out of his way to keep the boy from knowing the story. Hamlet, speaking of Cæsar's body, says :

> "Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
> Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

In the schools of Copperfield's time we might say of Cæsar's writings

> "Imperious Cæsar, mangled in the school,
> Deprived of context, points a pedant's rule."

O, William Shakespeare, I apologise !

I fancy the Greek was taught on better lines than the Latin, because the good Doctor would be carried away with his enthusiasm for Greek roots, and so depart from the narrowness imposed by the orthodox methods of teaching then recognised. Still I fear that David's acquaintance with both dead languages was bookish rather than useful.

It was in English that David excelled ; and it was by English that

made his living. Doubtless Latin and Greek helped to swell his cabulary, and to polish his style, but "vether it's worth while n' through so much, to learn so little, as the charity-boy said ven got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter o' taste." When I think the masters of our language who had "small Latin and less Greek," ayther think it isn't.

The fact that Adams, the head boy, was a mathematician satisfies that Doctor Strong taught euclid and algebra as well as arithmetic, d thus had a broader curriculum than many schools of his time. ese were not favourite subjects with David, and, although he would ve worked hard at them in order to please the Doctor, I fear he ver excelled in them. The method of teaching, unless more advanced an that of the public schools of the day, was to work through the ercises of the text-book, getting help from the master only after pupil had exhausted his own ingenuity. Under such tuition vid's progress will have been slow, not only because he was not of a thematical mind, but also because he would be diffident in asking fore he was certain that the solution would not occur to him cidentally.

I have before me some of the standard school text-books of a ndred years ago, and I claim that any boy who worked through h books is to be admired. The definitions and long-winded planations, which preceded the exercises, must have confused se whom they were intended to help. The examples were seldom ll graded, so that the poor scholar had no sooner worked two or ee easy questions and thought himself getting on quickly, than he s up against an intricate problem which took all the conceit out him.

Euclid must have been appalling. Before me is a copy of Dr. Robert nson's "Elements of Euclid," published in 1803, with my father's ool-boy signature dated 1856. It was the text-book *par excellence*. begins with thirty-five definitions, each with its formidable Roman ure which must be learned as a part of the definition, for any child ght be called upon to write out definition XV or X. It has always zzled me to know what induced some enemy of youth to invent scalene triangle. When the scholar has mastered the definitions is faced with three apparently meaningless postulates, to be followed twelve axioms which are refreshingly simple and sensible until e comes to the twelfth, which is such a rigmarole that the scholar ls hopeless until he discovers that this is not an axiom at all. I ve thoroughly enjoyed Simson's notes on this axiom, which, he ys, "has given a great deal to do both to antient and modern ometers. It seems not to be properly placed among the axioms, indeed, it is not self-evident, but it may be demonstrated thus." en follow two definitions, a new axiom, and five successive pro- sitions to prove that the so-called axiom is correct.

Think what all this must have meant to a lad of David's lively agination and keen logical sense! There were boys who became thematicians in spite of such text-books, but David was not of

them. I am confident that he satisfied his teachers in euclid an algebra, but I am equally satisfied that the knowledge he so labori ously gained was of no value to him.

Of the other subjects I have not much to say. Geography was the the Cinderella of subjects, the least interesting, the worst taught and the one which was thought to serve merely a utilitarian interest History, which was almost as bad in some schools, was taught in a interesting manner in others, and I am sure that Doctor Strong mad history live, even if his facts were sometimes of doubtful authenticity At any rate his villains were not white-washed, nor his heroes belittled

Religious knowledge was an essential in all schools. In such a schoo as Creakle's it must have done infinite harm, especially to a boy o the character of Steerforth, who readily saw through its hypocritica pretence. Under Doctor Strong it was a special means of fosterin that good which the whole atmosphere of the school was inculcating Here, more than elsewhere, was David learning to become a grea thinker and a great author.

## THE CARRIER'S CART

THE little picture reproduced on the opposite page is a facsimil of Clarkson Stanfield's drawing for *The Cricket on the Hearth* entitled " The Carrier's Cart."

A comparison of this drawing with the published illustration show how imperfectly the charm of the original composition was retaine in the engraving.

On October 2nd, 1845, Dickens had written to the best loved o all his friends : " I need not say how much I should value anothe little sketch from your extraordinary hand in this year's small volume."

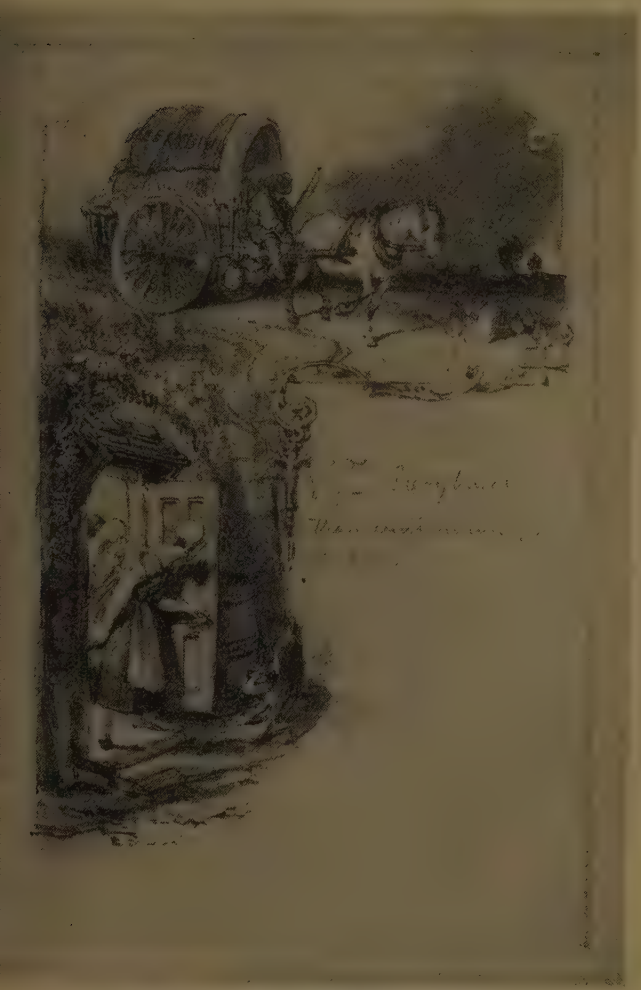
" The Carrier's Cart " was Stanfield's only contribution to the *Cricket* His drawings for *The Chimes*, *The Battle of Life*, and *The Haunted Ma* were no less beautiful, but the woodcuts by C. Gray and T. William have done scant justice to the delicacy and charm of the originals.

Although he greatly admired the art of his friends, Leech an Maclise, Dickens was generally disappointed in the illustrations whic both artists produced for the Christmas books. But with all Stanfield' drawings he was delighted. In a letter to Mrs. Richard Watson dated January 25th, 1847, he wrote : " I quite agree with you abou the Illustrations to the little Christmas book. Except Stanfield's they all shocked me, more or less." In the published *Letters o Charles Dickens*, this letter is printed, but the passage containin Dickens's candid opinion of his illustrators is omitted !—A.S.

## WHO WAS——

(*Answers to Questions on page 272, volume xxx*)

1, Chevy Slyme. 2, Martha Cratchit. 3, Tattycoram. 4, Chevy Slyme. 5, Mrs. Sanders. 6, Mr. Pickwick. 7, Grandfather Trent 8, Mrs. Gamp. 9, Joe Gargery. 10, Sloppy. 11, Newman Noggs 12, Mr. Fang. 13, Major Bagstock. 14, Mad-man next door. 15 Simon Tappertit. 16, Mr. Micawber. 17, Miss Pross.



Clarkson Stanfield's Original Drawing for
*The Cricket on the Hearth*

# A FRENCH APPRECIATION OF DICKENS

BY EMILE CHARTIER, M.A., L.Litt., LL.D., PH.D.,
VICE-RECTOR OF MONTREAL UNIVERSITY

I.

IT is doubtless Hippolyte Taine who, in his "History of English Literature" (Vol. IV, B. 4, Ch. 1, 3), has given out the most comprehensive opinion on the novels of Walter Scott and of his disciples or successors: Austen, Brontë, Eliot, Bulwer, Thackeray and Dickens. Having possessed, according to him, too literal an imagination and having made use of ideas that were too set, "they were incapable of the great divinations and of the wide sympathies which open up history." And that is why they, like all those who have tried to romance history or to "historize" fiction, have failed in the historical novel. To the contrary, in the novel of manners, all of them have attained a height beyond which few have ascended. This style of novel is distinguished by two essential traits. It strives, and this is an inclination which is European, to paint contemporary life in all its stages, though principally the life of the people, and more especially still the life of the middle class. This painting, the novelists make as realistic as possible. They endeavour with scrupulous accuracy to reproduce the costume, the habitat, the language of their types, and even their vulgarities and their platitudes. Fiction thus understood, nourished with information both precise and authentic, "is written by men and women of the middle class for readers of their own rank."

To this European inclination is added a national tendency to distinguish from all other the English novel of manners. When opportunity offers, the authors, by means of their tableaux, aim at an improvement of man and of society. All their paintings tend "to remedy abuses, to relieve miseries, to prevent temptations." Thence the novel becomes a glorification of virtue and a chastisement of vice, all at once "an instrument of investigation, of education and of morality."

It ensues that the novel of manners in Scott fashion, "by the variety of its paintings as much as by its fixed ideas," illustrates a democracy. The illustration may be "only fair for amateurs of the beautiful"; it is "admirable for amateurs of the useful." Thus definitely concludes the French critic who has best penetrated the character of English literature.

Amongst those who have cultivated this style, the question here is not which is the greatest, but what impression is produced on a French mind by reading of one of them: the most varied and most live Charles Dickens. And, since we shall limit ourselves to the novel of manners, we shall scarcely allude, but for memory's sake, to his two historical novels: *Barnaby Rudge*, which relates the English riot of 1780, *A Tale of Two Cities*, which describes Paris and Parisian life at the end of the eighteenth century.

II.

At the time of Dickens's most productive period, realism wielded in France an almighty sway. It would be astonishing that the English

velist, a frequent guest of the Parisian salons, an assiduous visitor Southern France, who was admitted into the intimacy of the most alistic of French dramatists and novelists should not have yielded the fashion of the day. On the other hand, almost the entire works Walter Scott and of his first successors owed the better part of their ccess to the faithfulness, to the very minuteness of the paintings, nich displayed the current life of the middle classes. Dickens, a ssionate reader of Scott as well as of "Robinson Crusoe," would ve had to treat himself with terrible violence not to follow into the otsteps of the master in this style.

So it is that the first characteristic which stamps his works is the xiety to accurately reproduce reality when sketching both men and ings. Only this reality is diversified according as it applies to atiments which animate the author or to the characters and nery which inspire these sentiments. Much as Dickens' sensitiveness eathes universal truth, his imagination and his observing turn of nd are to an equal degree infused with English verity. And it is rhaps in this happy blend of two truths, as attractive one as the other, ough for diverse motives, that lies the principal title to fame of him o has been fittingly called "the apostle of the people."

What could be more exact, for instance, than the portrayal of hotels, villas, of parks and of woods, which Dickens has sown here and there his works? The description of the storm in *Chuzzlewit*, the late-mmer landscape which adorns *The Battle of Life*, the memoirs of s travels through Italy and Southern France in *Little Dorrit*, are illiant by their intense truth to nature. And yet what are they in mparison with the details which Dickens accumulates about the acking establishment in *David Copperfield*, the Pipchin boarding-use in *Dombey and Son*, and the various offices in *Pickwick* and in *icholas Nickleby*? The sketches here are so precise that many of ese places have been identified.

What is true about the scenes is still more so about the characters. o you know, in the way of perfectly recognisable types, any more early cast than Fagin, Mrs. Pipchin the Camden Town boarding-use landlady, Bob Sawyer, Jingle, the Marchioness, or Gradgrind, e "man of realities"? All categories file past in turn, on this ew which is a real kaleidoscope. There are the selfish like the ole Chuzzlewit family, Gradgrind and Ralph Nickleby. There are e hypocrites like Pecksniff, Dombey Senior, Scrooge and Jonas uzzlewit. There are the victims of hallucination, the half-witted, e Moddle, Mr. Dick, Quilp, and Sikes. There are the women, the psy-like Nancy, Mrs. Dombey the stepmother, guilty Lady Dedlock d old Peggotty. There are, above all, the delightful maidens, Dora, ith Pinch, Little Nell, Esther, Florence and Bertha.

These types, these heroes if you will, Dickens animates them with erflowing life. It overflows to such an extent that it would seem aggerated were it not "his own impetuous spirit, his own honesty, s own indignation" which he communicates to them. The way he akes them act is in perfect contrast with the impassibility so much

sought after by the French "Parnassians" and the French realists from Flaubert to Zola. Perhaps it is this glaring opposition which explains the enthusiastic reception France extended to Dickens's works when they became popular in that country in about 1856.

Does not this overflow of life come to Dickens from his romanticism? He is romantic as can be. It is from the school of 1802 that he derives his taste for the Middle Ages and the fantastic beings that nourished them. Recall how Dickens endeavoured to restore the old Christmas festivities. Think of the number of dances he has led between elves and fairies. Above all, reread his imaginary dialogues between the two giants Gog and Magog, in *Master Humphrey's Clock*.

III.

Dickens's English veracity—as Carlyle terms it—which inclines him towards the life and men of his time, has not then prevented him from going out of his period to search elsewhere for sources of inspiration. It has not prevented him from putting into practice the maxim of the ancient Terence :

"Man am I ; to me, nothing human can be foreign."

A painter of the English, Dickens is still more perhaps the painter of humanity, if only by the universal sentiments which he has put into the hearts of his characters after having himself been animated by them.

Among these sentiments, what must be given first place is that affectionate and compassionate kindness which sets aright what, in the exuberant mirth of his pictures, would be ironical and mean. To Dickens's merriness may be suitably applied the word by which Musset defines Molière's. It is, like the great French dramatist's high comedy

. . . . . so sad and too so deep
That having but just laughed at it, one now would weep.

Dickens, "intensely English by his laughter," is profoundly human by his tears, or his sympathy.

Doubtless, his inventions are sometimes marked with improbable queerness. So unexpected are his expressions that they provoke hearty laughter. For instance, how could one prevent himself from bursting right out at the axioms of Mrs. Micawber, surely alone to be superior to the late La Palisse ? Pickwick's innocent and extravagant whims are extremely ludicrous. It would really seem Dickens was made to laugh, as the birds to sing, and that seriousness wearies him.

And still, notice how affectionate is all this humour. He mocks 'tis true, but it is with kindness. He does not know the caustic irony that kills, but only the jolly irony which scratches but makes the very victim smile. He jots down, for instance, the ridiculous sides of the beggar ; but with him, the mendicant looks so dignified that he imposes respect, well-nigh admiration. Surely, Dickens presents him without bitterness and without hate.

However, he knows what hatred is. His jocundity, so boisterous

l even clownish, is sometimes contentious. There are certain cases, ıt of the Chuzzlewit, of Gradgrind or of Dombey, for instance, ere he would readily renew the wish expressed by Molière's Orgon Tartuffe"):

> From the best of my heart, would I give, on the spot,
> Of the brightest crowns left me, a hundred as not
> For the pleasure I seek, O you brute ! to deal out,
> On your muzzle so ugly, a mighty sound clout.

ly, these wrangling moods always break forth against the same ject: the wicked. For there are evil-doers, in Dickens's work as life. Without them his "human comedy" would not be complete. is against them that are waged all the strokes of his wrath. They the scapegoats for all the people's faults and all of Dickens's hard lings. So that, deeply human by his cheerfulness, sympathetic the wretched, he is none the less so by his hostile indignations against wicked.

We dare say however that his revengeful anger has at times driven n to certain exaggerations. With him, the rich have all the vices; it really so in life? Indirectly, he has invested the poor with all virtues. To render these virtues more conspicuous, to accentuate moral beauty of the lowly, he has even, as a contrast, endowed st of them with some physical ugliness. In this may be recognized characteristic mania of Hugo's "Les Miserables" and its Jean ljean. But it is a question whether the truth, to which Dickens be so faithful, has not lost, in this exaggeration of sympathy for lower classes.

In the same way, his hatred attacks the faults, which some claim be the native vices, of his race. He has taken arms against the ssion for facts which devours Gradgrind. With Mr. Dombey, the te for business becomes a real craze, which Dickens lashes with enuous cracks. Hypocrisy has perhaps not inspired any more orous reprobation than that with which the novelist pursues his cksniff. But, in ascribing to these faults the character of national es, Dickens has perhaps again quite shocked the verity he was rting. These traits and others are so little distinctive characteristics the English race that travellers frequently identify them in faces ich bear none of the features of Albion's inhabitants.

## IV.

From these very exaggerations, it can sufficiently be seen that Dickens st have been a moralist.

Do you know of any writer with whom, in the way of individual ics to begin with, love is purer and even more chaste? With him, e is, as been said with great precision, "at first a game, and then a y, never a passion." His characters are not addicted to flirtation, less to adultery. Marriages are numerous; many intimacies end h a wedding, as in France everything ends in song. If perchance lty love does slip into a household, the author takes care that it be

chastised immediately and severely. Think of Lady Dedlock's punishment.

Much as, with Dickens, individual ethics are calm and serene, social ethics seem to be fiery and even feverishly malignant. The novelist closely approaches, in this respect, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, according to whom it is nature that is good, society that is bad. The latter must therefore be brought back to the former by the recollection that social justice can have no other basis than kindness and fraternity. To render the lesson more effective, Dickens preaches through example.

First of all, he turns towards the humble, the little ones, the suffering. Will he really uphold the paradox dear to Rousseau that their misery far from making them bad, makes them better? However that may be, Dickens has taken pleasure in turning eye, in such a way as to provoke sympathy, towards the classes that toil: bus conductors, bailiffs, pawnshop keepers, hospital patients, circus fakers, factory hands (*Hard Times*), thieves (*Oliver Twist*), and ragamuffins (*David Copperfield*).

From such quarters, often ill-fumed, pours forth a stream of miserable types, of which the least to be pitied are not the idiots. Such as Nubbles, Neckett, Cratchit, Pinch, David, old Dorrit and Dick Swivelle. In this gallery stands out, in a bright light, the figure of Stephen, the striker in *Hard Times*. In the end, we get to believe he has as much commonsense as Coppée's hero in "La Grève des forgerons" ("The Blacksmiths' Strike").

It is not surprising that Dickens, who so complacently leaned toward men fallen into second childhood, should have reserved his finest brush for childhood's prime. George Sand has been interested in "Little Fadette." But, in France, childhood novels scarcely had an vogue before Loti, Victor Marguerite or Romain Rolland. In this Dickens therefore seems to be sort of a forerunner. Where, at least, could be found a more impassionating trilogy than David Copperfield, Little Nell, and Oliver Twist. To these three characters, add those of Paul Dombey and of Florence, and you will have a collection of typical child portraits such as very few novelists can offer.

This pity, this interest rather, Dickens has carried away down to animals. He is all taken up by the cat's cajoling airs and by the fidelity and cunning of the dog, Boxer, for instance. The raven's black coat has not disheartened him; Grip, in *Barnaby Rudge*, is even a real actor. As for the cricket, the most sympathetic of all insects, everyone knows what wise advice it whispers into the ears of John Peerybingle, and with what eagerness, by its sole chirp and chirrup, it destroys the husband's unjust suspicions against his wife.

V.

By all these paintings, Dickens attains the poet's ideal:

To draw tears from mine eyes, thyself must weep.

This result, which however has nothing Platonic about it, does not seem sufficient to him. A man of his temper cannot satisfy himself with being

tistic; he wants to be a social reformer. It is not for nothing one ongs to the century which will have heard Dumas, the younger, orge Sand, Tolstoy, Dostoievsky and Gorky try to make over the rld by reforming the abuses and redressing the laws. At the very tom of Dickens's work is a plea against the worst customs of human iety, more especially of English society. Each of his books attacks re or less directly one of the institutions of his time and of his ntry, to disprove it and work towards its abolition. *Pickwick* and *tle Dorrit* condemn imprisonment for debt. *Oliver Twist* heaves a se against children's asylums, slums or workhouses; in a word, inst so-called but mismanaged charity. Children's farms, real ools of torture, have found no more strenuous opponent than the hor of *Nicholas Nickleby*. He stigmatises the sin of arbitrary ce-holders and usurers, in *Our Mutual Friend*; commercial frauds, *Dombey and Son*; the delays of the court of justice and of pro- ure in *Bleak House*; the death penalty, wrongly no doubt, in *rnaby Rudge*; the ill-deeds of certain sick-nurses, in *Martin Chuzzle-* ; the excesses of employers in *Hard Times*. Dickens, by all these ective volleys, has contributed an important share towards the rganisation of systematised charity, which was one of the first ms of the social reform in England.

t is in this that he most distinguishes himself from Alphonse Daudet, whom so many critics have related him. Doubtless his Pickwick more ways than one resembles "Tartarin," as, for that matter, he s Cervantes' "Don Quixote." Likewise, "Le Petit Chosé" (A tle Chap) and *David Copperfield* are far from being strangers to one ther. But, whereas Daudet is content, or nearly so, when he has ntioned and depicted his characters' misfortunes, Dickens attempts overcome them, to transform them into happiness. There is there- e, between them, all the difference that exists in a hospital between mere visitor, well disposed as he may be, and the nurse or better l the physician, whose care and attentions heal the wounds.

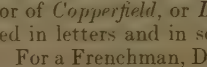
## VI.

f, to conclude, it were necessary to look for the page ich summarizes this social reformer's work, and for the type which he most representative exponent of the writer himself, there would no hesitation.

No man who has any knowledge of literature has not read and re- d *The Cricket on the Hearth*. None has escaped the enchantment this carol, where Dickens has pictured himself entirely, as "the nd and soul of hearth and home." The story of old Caleb's toys l pleasant Tilly Slowboy, the little maid, recall his good cheer. His te for the fantastic has mingled with this living tale the doings of ies and the dialogue of the Kettle and the Cricket. The realist be recognized in the very minute description of Tackleton's shop, Plummer's paltry dwelling, of Peerybingle's household. But above the moralist reveals himself with his aspirations to goodness, in touching sadness which enwraps the pious falschoods of Caleb,

and with his theory of improving the wealthy by showing them the sufferings of the people, illustrated in the transformation which the contact with Dot and Bertha achieves in the cold and exacting Tackleton.

When a man has so powerfully synthesized his whole work, he may be for the masses the author of *Copperfield*, or *Dorrit* and of *Pickwick*; he remains, for those versed in letters and in sociology, the author of *The Cricket on the Hearth*. For a Frenchman, Dickens is there entirely.



## BOOKS FOR THE SICK

The Manchester Branch has joined in a scheme to provide and distribute books for the patients in various hospitals in Manchester and Salford. It is recommended that the books be of the light, easily read, travel, biography, novels and romances, especially the latter.

Manchester members have already supplied a number of suitable books. A small committee who will be responsible for the collection and distribution of the books, has been elected.

* * * * *

Miss Farmer, in her Presidential Address to the Manchester Branch said: "Dickens selected from the scrap book we call life, the multitudinous qualities that belong to man and nature, and by arranging them to form colour harmonies, wove fairy patterns to delight his readers for all time. Of these qualities one of the most important was beauty. True beauty is often synonymous with simplicity, and there is a striking example of this in *The Life of Our Lord*, written for his children when most of them were very young. Then there is beauty of description, as for example, when in Italy he speaks of that sun-drenched land and the mystic charm of the fairylike city—Venice. But it is in the portrayal of the beauty of character that the novelist excels." Miss Farmer gave a lecture on "The Dream Children of Dickens" to young people of both sexes from schools in Manchester and Salford. In clear and simple language Miss Farmer epitomised the underlying motives of the novels of Dickens and spoke of the author's great love for children and young people, and of his efforts through the medium of his books and in other ways to bring joy and sunshine into the lives of boys and girls.

## "JEMMY WOOD OF GLOUCESTER"

Mr. Theodore Hannam-Clark, who towards the close of his year of office as Mayor was elected President of the Gloucester Branch, has presented to the City Council an oil painting of James Wood, the wealthy and eccentric proprietor of the Old Gloucester Bank, who is mentioned in *Our Mutual Friend* as one of the misers whose biographies interested Mr. Boffin.

Mr. Hannam-Clark referred at the November meeting to the appropriateness of the portrait hanging in the Council Chamber, where the Branch holds its meetings, and pointed out that "Jemmy Wood" was responsible for the only mention of the City of Gloucester in any of Dickens's novels.

# DOCTOR STRONG AND DOCTOR JOHNSON

S Dr. Strong Dr. Johnson ? " a boy of twelve asked me. The little chap's discovery that *David Copperfield* was in part autographical prompted his question, and, though I was for a moment nful, it set me playing the old game of trying to decide whether ertain character in literature was drawn from life, a game none less fascinating because the player seldom knows, except in case of a Faerie Queene or a Dunciad, how far he has been cessful.

he game begins. Did Doctor Johnson sit for Dickens's portrait Doctor Strong ? Well, anyhow, Dr. Johnson once kept a school in thedral town, or very near it. And then, his Dictionary. A clue ly lies in the Old Soldier's remarks about her son-in-law's search Greek roots !

" What a useful work a Dictionary is ! What a necessary work ! he meanings of words ! Without Doctor Johnson, or somebody f that sort, we might have been at this present moment calling an talian-iron a bedstead."

lender clue, you will say, if a clue at all, but it is all I need in the of encouragement. The game's afoot ! Nothing would make draw back now.

et us see what Boswell and David Copperfield have to say of their bective subjects. Here is Johnson, as described in " A Tour to the brides " :

" His person was large, robust, I may say approaching to the gigantick, and grown unwieldy from corpulency.

" He was now in his sixty-fourth year, and was become a little dull of hearing. His sight had always been somewhat weak.

" Ever since his last illness in 1766, he has had a weakness in his knees, and has not been able to walk easily.

" His speaking to himself, or rather repeating, is a common habit with studious men accustomed to deep thinking.

" He was . . . . . of a most humane and benevolent heart.

" He said, ' I am sorry I have not learned to play at cards.'

" He told us that ' he knew a drum from a trumpet, and a bagpipe from a guittar, which was about the extent of his knowledge of musick.' "

nd here Dr. Strong :

" Doctor Strong looked almost as rusty, to my thinking, as the old iron rails and gates outside the house ; and almost as stiff and heavy as the great stone urns that flanked them.

" Turning upon me a lustreless eye, that reminded me of a long-forgotten blind old horse who once used to crop the grass, and ramble over the graves, in Blunderstone churchyard, he said he was glad to see me.

" Doctor Strong jogged on before us, at a queer uneven pace.

" The Doctor's cogitating manner was attributable to his being always engaged in looking out for Greek roots . . . . .with a view to a new Dictionary which he had in contemplation. . . . . It might be

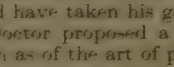
done in one thousand six hundred and forty-nine years, countin from the Doctor's last, or sixty-second, birthday.

"He was the kindest of men; with a simple faith in him tha might have touched the stone hearts of the very urns upon the wall . . . . . He would have taken his gaiters off his legs, to give away.

"The good Doctor proposed a round game at cards; of whic he knew as much as of the art of playing the trombone. . . . . W had a merry game, not made the less merry by the Doctor's mistake of which he committed an innumerable quantity."

Slight perhaps: far-fetched maybe. But interesting nevertheles

ALBERT WETHERILL.



## NOTES FROM THE ANTIPODES

In September last the Melbourne Branch had the pleasure of a lectu from Mrs. Gore-Newell, who assisted the London Headquarters a the time of reconstruction after the war when her cousin, Mr. C. F Green, had just been appointed Honorary Secretary to the Fellowshi This branch was one of the nine literary societies of Melbourne t receive the Poet Laureate, Mr. John Masefield, on his visit in Octobe

* * * * *

The Brisbane Branch is among those that organise an annual pri for the best essay by school children. This year the winning essa was on Dick Swiveller and the Brasses; it was the work of H. C Bradbury, of the Brisbane Grammar School, and was published i "The Brisbane Telegraph" for September 13th.

* * * * *

Dr. R. Hamlyn Harris, speaking at the Brisbane Branch on th "Eccentricities in Dickens," pointed out that, although introduced t the reader in an exaggerated, eccentric atmosphere, most of the characters proved, on acquaintance, to be perfectly true to life. Mr A. J. P. Green, a Vice-President of the Branch since its formation, i an address on "Some Minor Characters in Dickens," dealt with som of those characters which, although not so well known, were equall well portrayed and very important. Among them were Miss Abbe Potterson, Rev. Frank Milvey, Betty Higden, and Sloppy. Th proved an extremely profitable field for investigation.

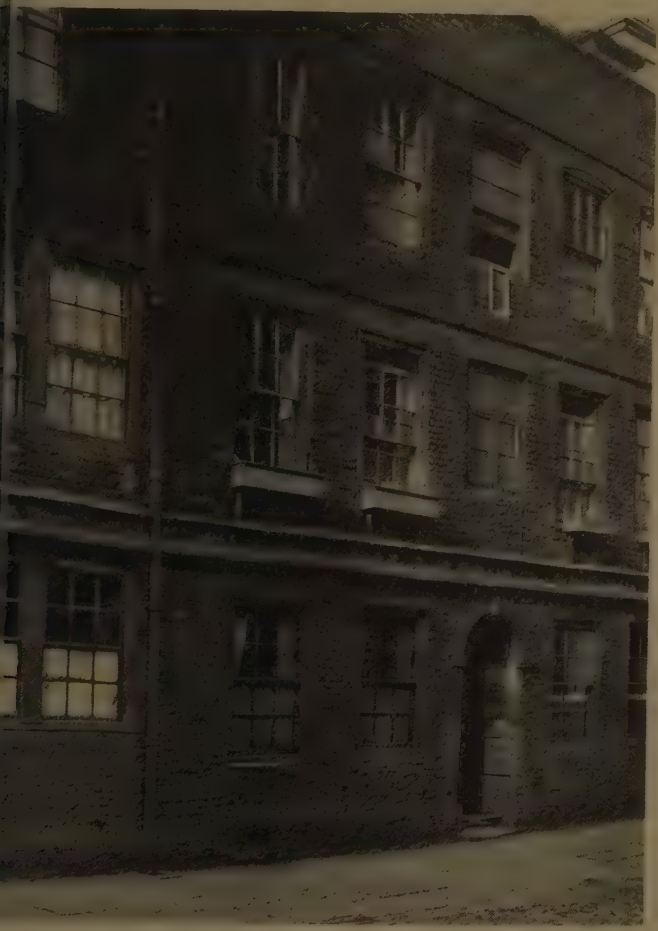
## CONGRATULATIONS

To Miss Babara Gill and Mr. J. E. Roberts, two members of th Sheffield branch, who were married in October last. The bride wa given away by Mr. Bransby Williams. In the evening the branc held its opening meeting, and presented Mr. and Mrs. Roberts with set of fish knives and forks.

* * * * *

To the Whitstable Branch when a dramatic version of *Dav Copperfield* was staged in October. It was by Mrs. Texera, who als produced. As a result upwards of twenty-two pounds has bee handed over to the Royal Alfred Merchant Seamen's Institutio During the last eighteen months this branch has disbursed £178 t local charities.

# VANISHED DICKENSLAND



Photograph specially taken for *The Dickensian* by Wm. A. Clark, F.R.P.S.

Clifford's Inn. Demolished September, 1934. Headquarters of he Dickens Fellowship from the end of 1916 until January 1925.

Another photograph of Clifford's Inn on page 69

# THE SCREEN VERSION OF *GREAT EXPECTATIONS*

WHEN Dickens spoke with pride of his "smallest theatre in t world" at Tavistock House, he did not foresee that his stu at Doughty Street would, in the twentieth century, be transform into an even smaller one, for the presentation of one of his belov stories in screen form. But this miracle took place on the 1 November, when a private view of "Great Expectations" was afford to a selected audience of Fellowship officials.

I have been fortunate in seeing and hearing (latterly) several fi dramatisations of Dickens's novels, but I think I may say with co fidence that this version is the most complete, truthful and sinc that has yet been presented. It sets a standard that will challen and stimulate future productions.

The story, starting in the Churchyard with Pip reading the scriptions on the lozenge-like tombstones, shows in detail the meeti with the convict; the "borrowing" of the pie and other "wittle and the fight and recapture of the escaped convicts; Pip's employme by Miss Havisham, and his subsequent enrichment; the return Magwitch, and his tragic death; with the final and happy reconciliati of Pip and Estella.

No pains have been spared to render the film truthful to the origin the anachronisms we have unfortunately learned to expect imported films, were missing, and the adaptor and director ha showed an obvious sincerity and understanding of the theme and reactions. This was particularly noticeable in the scene between P and Miss Havisham, where, by inference, the former believes that expectations were from Miss Havisham.

The American accent, it may be remarked, was not obtrusi although in evidence now and then. This, of course, is no drawbac rather the reverse, to the majority of audiences for whom the film intended.

And now a word as to the acting. The juvenile Pip was convincin acted by George Breakstone; the Magwitch of Henry Hull was understanding portrayal of the central figure of the story. His p formance was free from that exaggeration and rhetoric that is sometim seen on the stage when a "star" finds himself with the opportunit such a character offers. Similarly, the character of Miss Havish lends itself to strong hysterical histrionics, but Miss Florence Re acted the part with admirable restraint, carrying conviction all t time. For the rest, their respective performances were adequate a "in the picture." A little of the whimsical humour of Joe Garge would have been welcomed in the performance of Mr. Alan Hale, w took his part very seriously. As Jaggers, Mr. Francis L. Sullivan, t English actor, gave a competent and masterful performance of family lawyer, but there is something sinister about Jaggers as Dicke conceived him that he failed to realise.

A noticeable feature of the production was the faithful resemblan between the youthful Pip and Estella and the same characters in th adolescence. The gradual aging of Miss Havisham, both in her acti and make-up, was most artistically rendered.

The "Great Expectations" film is good Dickens.

A.E.B.C.

# DICKENS IN SCOTLAND

By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR, M.A., F.S.A.

' is a curious fact that, although Charles Dickens made one or two excursions to Scotland in addition to his visits there in nection with his Readings, he places but one scene in his novels he northern kingdom, notably that of " The Story of the Bagman's cle " in *Pickwick*, and, so far as I remember, he only otherwise roduces us to a single Scottish character, the half-crazy Lord George rdon of the famous Riots. That this was in no way due to his regard for the beauties of that lovely land, or any dislike to its abitants is obvious from the enthusiastic references to it in the resaid tale, in his correspondence and in his recorded conversations. may be that, intimate as he was with the works of the Northern gician, he feared to challenge comparison with the incomparable, l thus wisely refrained from venturing on ground once and for covered by another master hand.

Be this as it may, the fact remains that the sole connection of kens with Scotland, apart from his Reading and theatrical tours, re the visits he paid in 1834, 1841, and 1847.

Dickens's first experience of Scotland was in September, 1834, when went by water to Edinburgh to report the dinner given to Earl ey, for " The Morning Chronicle." His second visit was, as I have d, in the year 1841. This was in the middle of June, and being n engaged in writing *Barnaby Rudge*, he took the portion on which was then engaged with him, so that at least some of his work was itten in Scotland. On the 30th of June he writes from Edinburgh at he hopes to send a section of it from there, another " from ch-Earne," and the closing chapter of the number in hand " from ne place which no man ever spelt but which sounds like Ballyhoolish." It was at the suggestion of his friend Jeffrey that he made this ursion, and his reception was a most enthusiastic one. It was ugurated on June 25th, by a public dinner in Edinburgh at which ofessor Wilson, the Christopher North of the " Noctes," was in the air; among other notable ones present being Peter Robertson, am Black, Dr. Alison, and Lord Meadowbank. At this time Dickens's putation had soared high with *Pickwick* and *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas ckleby* and *The Old Curiosity Shop*, while *Barnaby Rudge* was in rse of progress. One knows what an effect the death of Little ll had on that generally stern critic, Jeffrey, and how he was found bing in his library over that pathetic—many people are inclined think too pathetic—description. One can well imagine, therefore, w certain he was that the young author would have a tremendous eption in the northern Athens, and he was right. Dickens himself, lighted naturally to be the centre of such adulation from veterans letters, has left in a letter to Forster a description of the dinner, which he says in concluding, " It beat all natur'."

Following on this enthusiastic reception came his enrolment, by iversal acclamation, as a freeman of the City of Edinburgh, the

inscribed scroll of which honour afterwards hung in his Gads H
study till his death. Indeed, the round of public and private hospital
was so overwhelming, that, young and strong as he was, when
heard that Glasgow wanted to vie with Edinburgh in the same w
he managed to evade this additional honour, and, instead, made
private excursion to the Highlands under the direction of the rat
eccentric Angus Fletcher. In his letter to Forster, giving his i
pression of what he then saw, the most notable and lasting mem
appears to have been the Pass of Glencoe, that ill-omened spot fore
haunted by an awful crime.

"Amongst rocks on one side of the Pass," he writes, "are sco
of glens, high up, which form such haunts as you might imag
yourself wandering in, in the very height and madness of a fev
They will live in my dreams for years—I was going to say as long
I live, and I seriously think so. The very recollection of them ma
me shudder."

But excited as he had been by his tremendous reception and affec
by the beauties of the land, as well as troubled (as we have seen)
its dourer aspects, he was glad enough to get back to his own fires
and to be amid the atmosphere of the city from which he was ne
happy when away for long, and at the beginning of August he w
once more in London.

Dickens was again in Scotland in the December of 1847, on wh
occasion he performed the ceremony of opening the Glasg
Athenæum. Writing to Miss Hogarth concerning the events of t
occasion, he remarks that "the meeting was the most stupend
thing as to numbers, and the most beautiful as to colour and decorati
I ever saw," and to Forster he says, "A most brilliant demonstrat
last night," adding with a forgivable pride, "I think I never
better." While in Scotland on this occasion he and his wife sta
with friends, "very hospitable people," he writes, "in a very splen
house near Glasgow and were perfectly comfortable." This was
imagine, Mr. Alison's, who, Dickens tells Forster, "lives in style
a handsome country house out of Glasgow." He visited the jail a
lunatic asylum at Edinburgh, the former of which gave rise to sc
pungent criticism on his part; attended a "gorgeous state lunc
given by the Lord Provost; and was the guest at a large dinner
the evening, of which he writes, "Unbounded hospitality
enthoozymoozy the order of the day, and I have never been m
heartily received anywhere or enjoyed myself more completely." (
thing did not please him: "I am sorry to report," he writes Fors
"the Scott Monument a failure. It is like the spire of a gothic chu
taken off and stuck in the ground."

It need hardly be said that having thus personally establis
himself in the hearts of the Scots, in addition to the fame he
already achieved by his books, when he embarked on his Readi
he met with some of his greatest successes among his friends in
north. Before undertaking these as a more or less regular occupat
Dickens had given readings of *A Christmas Carol*, as well as organi

trical performances for charity, and in July, 1848, he produced acted in plays in Edinburgh and Glasgow for that purpose. eed the determination to make this then rather novel form of rtainment part and parcel of his amazing activity may be said ıave been clinched by the tremendous success he achieved when ead for charity *A Christmas Carol*. in Edinburgh on March 26th, 3. The reading took place before the members of the Philosophical itution, and at its conclusion Dickens was presented with a massive er bowl by the Lord Provost. When making a speech for the pital for Sick Children in London later in the same year, Dickens his audience how he saw a poor child in one of the slums of ıburgh lying in an old egg-box, slowly dying, and as his wretched her told her visitor, " seemin' to woonder what it was a' aboot." ens was a master of pathos ; but never, I think, did he rise to such eight of touching reminiscence as when he recalled the look of poor child in an Edinburgh wynd, ebbing out a life that seemed lly to have begun.

n April 29th, 1858, Dickens inaugurated his first series of pro- ional readings, and among them were those given in Edinburgh, ıdee, Aberdeen, Perth, and Glasgow, covering the period from tember 7th to October 9th.

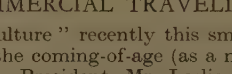
inancially satisfactory as had been the Readings in the provinces, were exceeded by those which took place in Scotland, where profits amounted to no less than £500 a week. In his letters ens gives little vignettes of his experiences. Curiously enough, first, in Edinburgh, " was not promising," and there was but a r room, but the effect of the Reading (it was *The Chimes*) was ı, that on the following night when *Little Dombey* was given, e was a full house, and on the next night hundreds had to be ıed away. " Last night," Dickens writes, " for *The Carol*, in e of advertisements that ' the tickets were gone,' the people had e got in through such a crowd as rendered it a work of the utmost culty to keep an alley into the room. They were seated about on the platform, put into the doorway of the waiting room, squeezed every conceivable place, and a multitude turned away once more." think I am better pleased with what was done in Edinburgh," he s, " than what has been done anywhere else, almost."

ater Dickens went to Dundee : " an odd place," he calls it, and ns it to Wapping with the addition of rugged hills behind it. Of room in which he gave his reading, he said that it looked like ething between the Crystal Palace and Westminster Hall, so vast eemed. At first the audience appeared rather apathetic, but they e up under his magic, and all went well. Aberdeen repeated the erience of Edinburgh, the people crowding and surging about the form and occupying every available space in the hall, and this in e of the fact that two readings were given there in one day. At h at first it looked as if, to use the novelist's words, " nobody ld come." But come they did, posting in from the countryside thirty miles round, and with the inhabitants of the town itself

filling to capacity an immense hall. Glasgow more than equalled the amazing successes, and for three evening and one morning Readi the receipts amounted to what Dickens calls " the prodigiously lar sum of six hundred pounds."

In 1861, and again in 1866, 1868, and 1869, Dickens returned Scotland for the further Readings which he had undertaken to giv By then the stress occasioned to his nerves not only by these exertio themselves, but the incidental strain of the constant railway travellin always since the Staplehurst accident felt acutely by him, was beginni to tell (indeed, one Reading, fixed for February 19th, 1869, had to cancelled owing to his illness), and it was but a weary, nearly worn-o man who faced the tumultuous greetings that again met him Edinburgh and Glasgow. " The affectionate regard of the peo exceeds all bounds and is shown in every way," he writes, " t audiences do everything but embrace me, and take as much pai with the reading as I do " ; and he goes on to tell how " The keep of the Edinburgh hall, a fine old soldier, presented me with a m superb red camellia for my button-hole. Nobody can imagine h he came by it, as the florists had had a considerable demand for th colour from ladies in the stalls, and could get no such thing."

As a *délassement* to the arduous work involved by the actual p formances, three of Dickens's oldest Scottish friends, sole survivo of those who had first greeted him a quarter of a century earli foregathered with him, and thus he, with Peter Fraser, Ballanty and John Blackwood spent a joyous evening together. After anot farewell Reading at Glasgow, Dickens, with his friend and manag Dolby (who wrote a book of his experiences with his chief on th later tours) returned to London, bearing with him, no doubt, t memory of the concluding words of Professor Wilson, when he fi visited Scotland to give his Readings : " Mr. Dickens may be assu that there is felt for him all over Scotland a sentiment of kindne affection, admiration, and love." Those feelings had been accentuat by subsequent familiarity, and were such as indeed to make, as Wils added, Dickens proud and happy.



## THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' CLUB

At the " George and Vulture " recently this small, select company Dickensians celebrated the coming-of-age (as a member of the Dicke Fellowship) of their new President, Mr. Leslie C. Staples. They always wandering in town and country as Dickens would have don they spent last Christmas at a reputed haunted manor-house in Ke This year, we hear, they are to have revels in an Elizabethan mansio but they are a close society, and such meetings are private. Howev on the 17th January next they are to appear in public for the benefit The Dickens House. They are playing " The Importance of Be Earnest " at the Rudolf Steiner Hall, and are sure to acquit themsel well. Tickets may be obtained at 5s., 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. from T Dickens House.

# FROM RECENT BOOKS

Compiled by LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(Bodleian Library)

## CHAUCER AND DICKENS.

A distinguished French critic said of my sketch of an English
elist that it might well bear the simple title, 'The Praise of
kens': and I should be quite content if this tribute only bore the
of 'The Praise of Chaucer.' The whole point, so far as I am
cerned, is that it is as easy for an ordinary Englishman to enjoy
ucer as to enjoy Dickens. Dickensians always quote Dickens;
n which it follows that they often misquote Dickens . . ."
Chaucer died and left his last great work unfinished . . . . There
e been cases of men trying a new trick or experiment and breaking
n in the middle of it, as did Dickens in the detective-story of
od. But the experiment was a small one; which he might have
le at any time, and one which many others had already made . . ."
Chaucer as an Englishman: It is true that a certain sort of
npous ass like Sir Willoughly Patterne or Mr. Dombey has been
ibited as an Englishman; but he has generally been exhibited by
glishmen. Podsnap would not have been so absurdly English, if
kens had not been an Englishman. True, there is only one Dickens,
there are a million Dickensians; a great many more Dickensians
n there are Podsnaps. On the whole, the prevailing spirit of the
glish is an appreciation of this sort of fun, especially when it broadens
farce. Indeed, when it is properly understood, there is something
t that breaks out beyond the limits of mere farce, and becomes a
of poetry of pantomime; a climax of anti-climax. Dickens is
of wild images that would be nothing if they were not funny. They
uld be not merely nonsensical but non-existent, if they were not
ay it with some firmness) so damned funny. Mrs. Todgers's wooden
; Mr. Swiveller's gazelle who married a market-gardener; the
thpick of the gentleman next door, which if sent to the Commander-
Chief would produce such marked results; the effect of Henry the
hth's peepy eyes on Mrs. Skewton's view of history; these are things
t would simply cease to exist in a really rational universe. They
not symbolic; they are not really satiric. They are upheld by an
isible power and lifted without support upon the wings of laughter
a power more unanswerable and more irresponsible than pure
uty. Now compared with the fun of Dickens, there is certainly
nething altogether shrewd, sensible and solid about the humour of
aucer . . . "—"Chaucer," by G. K. Chesterton. (Faber and Faber).

* * * * *

## UPTON SINCLAIR.

"But why do the plain people of Britain read my books? Surely
s not because they take me for a Tory! I have an idea it is for
same reason that we Americans loved Charles Dickens, and did not
se to read him even when he came here and infuriated us by
cribing our bad manners, our habits of talking through our noses,
l of spitting tobacco juice all over the landscape. The plain people
Britain can hardly fail to know that my thoughts are with the
ople, and my faith, and my hopes . . ."—From the Preface by Upton
clair, to "An Upton Sinclair Anthology, compiled by I. O. Evans."
Werner Laurie).

## ON BORES.

"By way of postcript to this chapter, may I explain my silenc about two eminent Victorian writers who were among my father' friends, Dickens and Thackeray. I can barely say that in my earl youth I shook hands with them, Thackeray at the second great exhib tion in London, Dickens some years later, and that was all. *Vi tantum.* I have lived to enjoy the friendship of their descendant but it is not a matter to speak of in public."

"An eminent and scholarly correspondent, having seen part of thi chapter extracted in the 'Quarterly Review,' called my attention t Dickens's opinion in 'Our Bore,' a short paper to be found near th end of his collected works, that bores enjoy one another's company. I would be rash to dispute Dickens's observation, but it concerns onl one class of bores, the omniscient anecdote-mongers, nowadays, I think less frequent."—"For my Grandson, Remembrances of an Ancien Victorian," by Sir Frederick Pollock. (Murray).

* * * * *

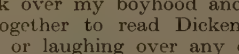
## DICKENS AND THE CAIRO COMPANY.

"In the meantime much criticism had been directed against th Holbrook plan for the construction of the central railroad. Th feeling existed that Holbrook was promoting the road entirely for th benefit of his land investments in Cairo and that he did not visuali it as a means of building up the great undeveloped central portion Illinois. Furthermore, the indifferent success of the Cairo group di not promise well for the future. Their previous financial arrangemen in England had not improved the credit of Illinois and had been parti instrumental in calling forth the burning satire of Charles Dicken Dickens apparently had invested in the securities of the Cairo Compan and when dividends were not forthcoming his resentment was create to a marked degree. This was expressed in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, a boo which aroused much feeling in the West."—"The Illinois Central Rai road and its Colonization Work," by P. W. Gates. (Harvard Uni Press).

* * * * *

## WOODROW WILSON.

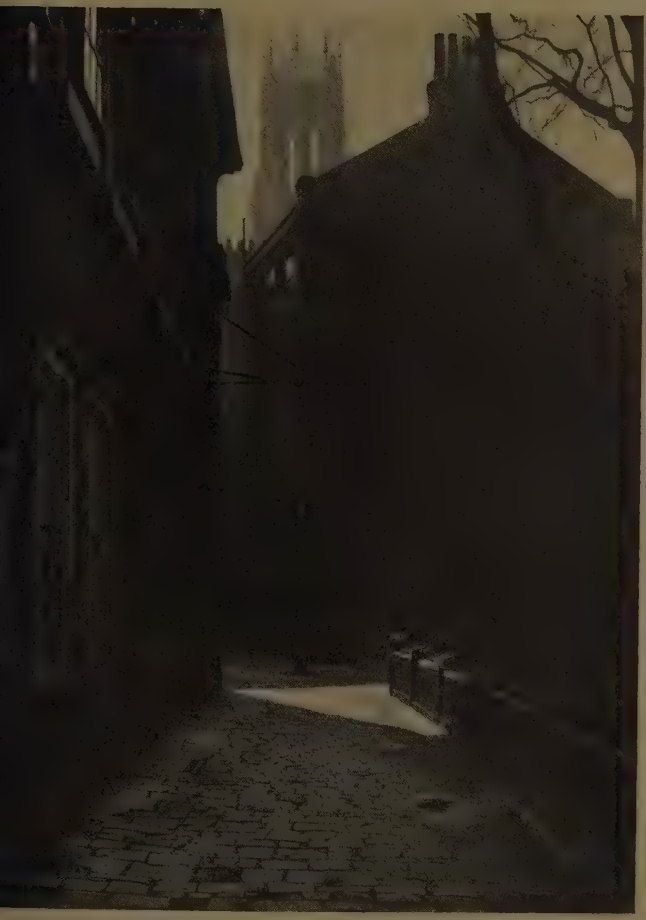
"I look back over my boyhood and think of the evenings whe we gathered together to read Dickens. Can you imagine old young weeping or laughing over any of the writers of to-day, an an entire community watching for the next instalment of their work ? —"Woodrow Wilson," by E. G. Reid. (Oxford Univ. Press).



## SCENES AND CHARACTERS IN WOOD

A collection of remarkably clever carvings of Dickens characters now on loan at the Tolhouse Museum, Yarmouth. The carvings a the work of Mr. Henry William Smith, of Norwich, and they are s true to life that visitors to the museum have no difficulty in identifyin the characters and scenes represented, without making any referen to the detailed list which is the case ; a wonderful tribute this, n only to the art of Mr. Smith but to the great knowledge of Dicke possessed by the visitors.

# VANISHED DICKENSLAND



Clifford's Inn

rom a Photograph taken specially for *The Dickensian* by Wm. A. Clark, F.R.P.S.

The Church in the distance is St. Dunstan's, "the Church of *The Chimes*."

See page 61 for another photograph of Clifford's Inn.

# THE DICKENS HOUSE

SINCE the publication of the list in the Winter No. 1933, of *The Dickensian*, the following have been received:

| *Presented by*— | GIFT. |
|---|---|
| Miss Ethel Dickens . . . | Portrait (oil painting) of Mrs. Perugini, by her husband, C. E. Perugini. |
| Lady Dickens . . . . | Kaleidoscope and views, from Gads Hill. |
| Count de Suzannet . . . | Portrait (oil painting) of Dickens, by W. P. Frith, R.A. Oil Painting "Mr. Pickwick addressing the Club," by C. Green. |
| Miss Florence Dickens . . | Framed print of Bust of John Dickens autographed by him and inscribed by S. Haydon, the Sculptor. |
| Mr. C. R. Sainsbury . . | Probate of Will of Mr. Moses Pickwick. |

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, etc., from Miss W. J. Brindley, Mr. Frank Green, F.R.Hist.S., Mr. W. A. Adams-Cairns, Mr. F. R. Dean, Mr. Bernard Falk, Mr. William Miller, Mr. C. H. Green, Mr. E. W. Brown, Mrs. Harriet R. Bellman, Mr. M. H. Spielmann, Mrs. Flora V. Livingstone, Messrs. Chapman and Hall, Hutchinson and Co., Seeley Service & Co., Associated Newspapers, Ltd., Rylands Library, Oxford University Press, Geo. Harrap and Co., Ltd., Wm. Heinemann, Ltd., and the Academia Press, Moscow.

PICTURES AND PRINTS from Ald. T. Sturge Cotterell, Mr. T. P. Cooper, Mr. Fred J. Mallia, Mr. Alfred Bennett.

The donations are as follows:—

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mr. Walter W. Price .. .. | 25 | 0 | 0 |
| Proceeds of "The Frozen Deep" | 15 | 2 | 11 |
| Miss B. Lambert (Lecture) .. | 6 | 2 | 6 |
| Christmas Party (London), Surprise Item .. .. .. | 3 | 5 | 4 |
| Christmas Party, Miss W. Burr (Fortune Telling) .. .. | 2 | 10 | 0 |
| Associated Newspapers .. .. | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Mrs. Wolsoncroft .. .. | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Holy Trinity Fellowship .. | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Ald. T. Sturge Cotterell .. .. | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Miss Kelly .. .. .. | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. E. S. Martin .. .. .. | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Lt.-Col. W. M. H. Spiller .. | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Mrs. Simpkins .. .. .. | 0 | 7 | 6 |
| Mrs. P. H. Hawkins .. .. | 0 | 3 | 11 |
| Mrs. Bovingdon .. .. .. | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| *Liverpool Branch* .. .. .. | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| *Leyton Branch*— | | | |
| Rust *v.* McNulty Debate .. | 0 | 10 | 6 |
| *Worcester (U.S.A.) Branch* .. | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| *St. Pancras Branch*— | | | |
| Whist Drive .. .. .. | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| *Nottingham Branch*— | | | |
| Whist Drive, per Mr. Guest .. | 4 | 10 | 0 |
| *Mr. A. W. Edward's List*— | | | |
| League of Empire Ramble .. | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Students Association .. | 0 | 10 | 6 |
| *Mr. W. H. Lowry's List*— | | | |
| Lecture—Streatham .. .. | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| *Mr. S. J. Rust's List*— | | | |
| Lecture, Courthill Institute .. | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Lecture, Bethnal Green .. | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| *Mr. T. W. Hill's List*— .. | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Lecture, Rochester Branch .. | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Lecture, Leyton Branch .. | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| *Mr. Walter Dexter's List*— | | | |
| Commission on Sale of Dickens letters .. .. .. | 6 | 0 | 0 |
| Lecture, Herne Bay .. .. | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| *Mr. Frank S. Johnson's List*— | | | |
| Lecture, Bethnal Green .. | 1 | 1 | 0 |

## REPORTS RECEIVED

From the Hackney Branch of the successful result of the three meetings as recorded in the last diary; from the Plymouth Branch of equally successful meetings during October; and from New York, where *The Old Curiosity Shop* has engaged their attention, Miss Mary Wray giving a summary of the story, and Mr. Ernest Grant delivering a most interesting lecture on Little Nell's Journey.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Telephone | 24 | 7 | 9 |
| Caretaker, Cleaning, etc. | 84 | 14 | 6 |
| Petty Cash and Sundry Expenses | 30 | 7 | 0 |
| Maintenance and Repairs of Furniture and Fittings | 5 | 6 | 9 |
| | 144 | 16 | 0 |
| „ General and Water Rates | 55 | 7 | 6 |
| „ Lighting and Heating | 97 | 1 | 0 |
| „ Insurances | 17 | 16 | 7 |
| | 315 | 1 | 1 |
| *Less* Received from The Dickens Fellowship | 15 | 0 | 0 |
| | | 300 | 1 | 1 |
| „ Repairs and Decorations | | 16 | 15 | 0 |
| „ Interest on Mortgage | | 60 | 0 | 0 |
| „ Salaries | | 119 | 15 | 0 |
| „ Depreciation of Furniture and Fittings | | 16 | 15 | 7 |
| | £513 | 6 | 8 |

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Profit on Sales | | | | 22 | 5 | 5 |
| „ Admission Fees | | | | 63 | 5 | 6 |
| „ *Rents*— | | | | | | |
| 49 Doughty Street | 261 | 12 | 0 | | | |
| *The Dickensian* | 34 | 3 | 4 | | | |
| The Dickens Fellowship | 50 | 0 | 0 | | | |
| | | | | 345 | 15 | 4 |
| „ *The Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift*— | | | | | | |
| Interest on £188/5/9 2½% Consols | | | | 4 | 14 | 0 |
| „ Balance being excess of Expenditure over Income for the year, carried to Equipment and Endowment Fund | | | | 63 | 2 | 11 |
| | | | | £513 | 6 | 8 |

## BALANCE SHEET AS AT 30TH APRIL, 1934.

| *Loans*— LIABILITIES. | £ | s. | d. | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| On Mortgage of 49 Doughty Street | 1200 | 0 | 0 | | | |
| *Less* Repaid during year | 50 | 0 | 0 | | | |
| | | | | 1150 | 0 | 0 |
| The Dickens Fellowship | 250 | 0 | 0 | | | |
| *Less* Donation from the Fellowship applied in Reduction of Loan | 100 | 0 | 0 | | | |
| | | | | 150 | 0 | 0 |
| *Sundry Creditors* | | | | 66 | 7 | 9 |
| *Bank Overdraft* | | | | 18 | 19 | 11 |
| *The Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift* | | | | 102 | 19 | 9 |
| *Equipment and Endowment Fund*— | | | | | | |
| As at 30th April, 1933 | 4130 | 1 | 7 | | | |
| Donations | 93 | 14 | 10 | | | |
| Special Donations from The Dickens Fellowship— | | | | | | |
| In Reduction of Loan | 100 | 0 | 0 | | | |
| For Library Equipment | 100 | 0 | 0 | | | |
| Sales of Souvenir Booklets | 3 | 12 | 6 | | | |
| | 4427 | 8 | 11 | | | |
| *Less* Excess of Expenditure over Income per annexed Account | 63 | 2 | 11 | | | |
| | | | | 4364 | 6 | 0 |
| | | | | £5852 | 13 | 5 |

| *Freehold Property*— ASSETS. | £ | s. | d. | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| (48 & 49 Doughty St.) At cost as at 30th April, 1933 | | | | 5083 | 15 | 2 |
| *Furniture and Fittings* at cost, less depreciation— | | | | | | |
| As at 30th April, 1933 | 255 | 2 | 4 | | | |
| Additions during the year (including £77 10s. 0d. expenditure on Library equipment) | 80 | 9 | 6 | | | |
| | 335 | 11 | 10 | | | |
| *Less* Depreciation | 16 | 15 | 7 | | | |
| | | | | 318 | 16 | 3 |
| *Library and Museum* at cost— | | | | | | |
| As at 30th April, 1933 | 114 | 6 | 7 | | | |
| Additions during the year | 6 | 0 | 1 | | | |
| | | | | 120 | 6 | 8 |
| *Stock of Pictures, Postcards, China, etc.* | | | | | | |
| As certified by Hon. Secretary | | | | 167 | 0 | 5 |
| *The Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift Investment*— | | | | | | |
| £188 5s. 9d. 2½% Consolidated Stock, at cost (held by the Official Trustees of Charitable Funds) (Market Value, 30th April, 1934, £148 15s. 0d.) | | | | 102 | 19 | 9 |
| *Sundry Debtors and Payments in advance* | | | | 51 | 7 | 9 |
| *Cash in hand* | | | | 8 | 7 | 5 |
| | | | | £5852 | 13 | 5 |

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books and Vouchers of the Fund and certify it to be in accordance therewith. We have also verified the Investment.

4b Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, London, E.C.2. 11*th July*, 1934.

(*Signed*) WHINNEY, SMITH AND WHINNEY, *Chartered Accountants*,
*Hon. Auditors.*

# WHO WAS——

1. A gentleman of good family, and great expectations, but who, having rather involved himself by youthful indiscretion, is content for a time to fill the humble station of a clerk.
2. (He who) looked as a man might, who, in the very act of smacking his lips over choice old wine, tried to make believe it was physic.
3. By this time in a state of repletion, with essence of savoury pie oozing out at the corners of his eyes, and devilled grill and kidneys tightening his cravat.
4. Of a dignified and imposing appearance; ample, rustling, gravely voluminous; always upright behind the proprieties. She might have been taken—had been taken—to the top of the Alps and the bottom of Herculaneum, without disarranging a fold in her dress, or displacing a pin.
5. Strutting along the pavement towards me on the opposite side of the street, attended by a company of delighted young friends to whom he from time to time exclaimed, with a wave of his hand, "Don't know yah."
6. So very radiant, that a stranger might have supposed he had all his life been yearning for the society of serpents, and now hailed with delight the approaching consummation of his fondest wishes.
7. Decorated with shaggy hair, like oakum, which had no governing inclination towards the north, east, west or south, but inclined to all four corners of the compass, and to every point upon it.
8. Extremely gay all the rest of the evening; "for he absolutely chirped"; those were his delightful words; "when he thought by what a happy talent for business he was surrounded." He gave us, in his glass of negus, "Better health to our young friend" and supposed, and gaily pursued, the case of his being reserved like Whittington to become Lord Mayor of London.
9. Rendered stouter and more vigorous, by showers of tears, which, being tokens of weakness, and so far tacit admissions of his own power, pleased and exalted him.
10. In a great bustle that evening, partly owing to some additional domestic preparations for the morrow, and partly to the excitement always inseparable in that house, from Saturday night, when every gentlemen's linen arrived at a different hour in his own little bundle, with his private account pinned on the outside.
11. A man of immense reputation for assisting at the increase of great families.
12. Of no particular trade or calling, though his pursuits were diversified and his occupations numerous. He collected the rents of whole colonies of filthy streets and alleys by the water-side and . . . smuggled cigars under the very nose of the Custom House.
13. Sitting in a quiet nest of waste paper, drank coffee all the evening, and dictated at intervals to her eldest daughter.
14. Perfectly motionless, with his large circular eyes staring into the arbour, but without the slightest expression on his face that the most expert physiognomist could have referred to as astonishment, curiosity, or any other known passion that agitates the human breast.

(*The Answers will be given in the Spring Number*)

*Drawn by*] [*Ruth Whittaker*

## THE FELLOWSHIP IN DENMARK

SIR,—I have just returned from a short business and holiday trip to Copenhagen, and while there curiosity induced me to ascertain what our Fellowship was doing in Denmark. It was an agreeable surprise to find that the Secretary, Mr. Svend Aggerholm, had taken advantage of my visit to call an informal meeting of the Branch so that I could be introduced to some of its members, and I desire to place on record the warmth of feeling and admiration for Dickens and his teaching which was evidenced by those with whom I came in contact.

That much of this enthusiasm is due to the personal zeal of Mr. Svend Aggerholm is an acknowledged fact. An actor by profession, he delights in depicting Dickens characters and annually tours the country with his " Evenings with Dickens." His collection of pictures of Dickens's subjects, which he has placed at the disposal of the Branch, adorn the walls of the Club room at Vestergade 24, and the pardonable pride with which he pointed out those which in his opinion more truly represented the Dickens spirit quickly obliterated any impression that the room was a public Café during the day.

The china figures and plates bearing reference to Dickens's characters adorn the walls and shelves. Upstairs is the private clubroom, otherwise Mr. Aggerholm's city room and library. Here, a glance at the bookshelves prove how closely he keeps in touch with Dickens and other English authors ; all are available for reference by members of the Fellowship in Copenhagen. For those not conversant with English there is Mr. Aggerholm's own version in Danish of those Dickens's books which he has translated for his professional use. A proof of his great knowledge of Dickensian history arose during a talk about *A Christmas Carol*, an adaptation of which for the Danish stage is at present engaging Mr. Aggerholm's attention. I alluded to the first performance of the play in London some 90 years ago, and was surprised when he readily selected from a portfolio a cutting from " The Illustrated London News " of the performance in question.

It required little persuasion from Mr. Aggerholm to induce me to visit his home at Rungsted, some few miles out of the city. Here I inspected his cherished early editions of Dickens and other valuable items of Dickensiana, and these are always available for show or reference whenever his Dickens friends foregather. Mrs. Aggerholm fully supports her husband in his efforts to spread the work of the Branch. She also is an actress of note, much appreciated in Denmark and known also in England. In the low-ceilinged room with its dark beams Mr. and Mrs. Aggerholm and their daughter annually hold a Dickens Christmas Party. Its special feature is not the proverbial turkey, but what may truly be called a Dickens dish—Doctor Marigold's Steak Pudding—compounded strictly in accordance with the Doctor's

prescription but enlarged as occasion requires to meet the demand of the patients; while ready for the concluding item on the menu a punchbowl of liberal proportions and a dozen or more real "churchwardens" peacefully repose on the sideboard. Nor is their good fellowship confined to their own members, for the Branch has, from its inception, recognised the charitable obligation of the Fellowship and has annually at Christmas-time directed its efforts to providing fuel for the firesides of the poor.

It was evident from the kind enquiries about Miss Minards and references to her trip to Denmark of a year or so ago that her visit had been much appreciated and was not likely to be forgotten. But I must not trespass more on your space, so conclude with the hope that the Danish Branch of the Fellowship may continue to flourish.

Yours sincerely,

C. H. Green.

## THE ORIGIN OF MR. BARDELL'S FATE

Sir.—I have just come across a case in which a publican in Pentonville was tried for knocking out an excise officer with a pewter pot. This occurred in 1827, and one of the attorneys was Mr. Molloy. Dickens was working in Molloy's office in 1827, and it would seem, therefore, that this was the origin of Mr. Bardell's unhappy fate. The publican's name was Mitton, and Dickens probably chaffed his old schoolfriend about it, and recalled it when he was writing *Pickwick*.

P. F. Skottowe.

## DROOD'S LAST JOURNEY

Sir.—May I assure Canon Phythian-Adams that the brevity of my criticism of his interesting theory was due solely to my respect for the value of space in *The Dickensian* and not to lack of respect for him or to a cavalier study of his suggested solution.

The Canon and I differ mainly, I think, in regard to the nature and duration of Edwin's last journey. Was it a short journey across the churchyard to the point where the lad was killed and buried in a near-by sarcophagus; or was the journey a longer one, from the Gatehouse to the Indulgence Chamber, passing over abysses where a slip would be destruction?

The Canon enquires by what interpretation I can bring the difficult and dangerous journey spoken of by Jasper in the opium den down to the safe and sober level of the churchyard? Of course, I cannot do this. But on my interpretation of what Jasper said in his ravings it is not necessary for me to do so.

Jasper employs the metaphor of a journey to describe some subject that has long been in his mind, something he had thought of doing but was not quite determined to do. That thing, that subject in his mind, he likens to a hazardous and perilous journey over abysses where a false step would be fatal. Fatal to whom? Surely to Jasper himself? Jasper hesitated to take the journey lest he might make some false step fatal to himself. If that be so, it follows of necessity that when he darted forward to point at the ground, as though at some imaginary object far beneath, and to say, "Look down! Look down! You see what lies at the bottom there?" the object at which he pointed was not Edwin but himself.

Jasper subsides then into silence, but presently being stimulated

by the Opium Woman he begins to speak of an actual expedition he has lately been away upon and employs the same metaphor of a journey which he describes in these words: "Hark! Time and Place are both at hand." He is on his feet speaking in a whisper, and as if in the dark. "Time, place and fellow-traveller," she suggests. "How could the time be at hand unless the fellow-traveller was? Hush! The journey's made. It's over." "So soon?" "That's what I said to you. So soon. . . . No struggle, no consciousness of peril, no entreaty."

Few and tantalising as these broken phrases are, they seem to me proof positive of one thing—that the journey thus described was far too instantaneous to admit of a midnight ramble round the Cathedral or an ascent to a dizzy height. Instead, I see the fellow-traveller arriving at the appointed hour of midnight at the appointed place, the west door of the Cathedral. I see Jasper already there, hidden in the stormy blackness with the great black scarf of silk hanging in a loop upon his arm. Hushing his footsteps, Jasper journeys a few paces in the company of Edwin, then with an action so swift and strong that the victim has no consciousness of peril and makes no struggle or entreaty the deed is done. The journey is made. It's over. Jasper awakes to see a dead body at his feet, and to the realisation of what a poor, mean, miserable thing the dead body of a deadly rival is.

PERCY T. CARDEN.

# DICKENSIANA OF THE QUARTER

## NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES.

"Sketches by Boz (1834-1836)," by A. M. Williams. *Glasgow Herald*, 4th August.

"London, Dickens and I," by John Davis. *Cheltenham Chronicle*, commencing 28th July.

"The Letters of Dickens in the Huntington Library," by H. B. *The Sphere* (illustrated), 4th August.

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood," by N.F. *Light*, 21st September.

"Back to Mr. Pickwick," by James Hilton. *British Weekly*, 27th September.

"Dickens and Gravesend," by A. J. Philip. *Gravesend Reporter*, 6th October.

"Dickens and the Inn." *Practical Motorist*, 6th October.

"A Modern Christmas Carol." *Birmingham Gazette*, 9th October.

"The Pirate Boz," by F. Gordon Roe. *The Bazaar*, 21st August.

"Sam Weller's Scrap Sheet," by F. Gordon Roe. *The Bookman*, October.

"Dickens and 'The Morning Chronicle'," by Walter Dexter. *The Fortnightly*, November.

"Some Inns of Dickens." A page of pictures by Sydney R. Jones. *The Times* (Weekly Edition), 8th November.

## ANOTHER LIFE OF DICKENS

As we close for press there comes to hand a new life of Dickens by Mr. Hugh Kingsmill. It bears the intriguing title of "The Sentimental Journey." Mr. J. W. T. Ley will review it fully in our next number.

# DIARY OF DICKENS FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS

**Special Notice to Branch Members. If the Diary of your meetings is not included, please ask your Secretary why he did not send a syllabus to the Editor.**

BATH.
Dec. 3 and Jan. 21—Reading Circle.
17—Whist Drive.
Jan. 4—Children's Tea and Entertainment.
7—New Year's Party and Dance.
Feb. 4—Lecture by Ald. J. Sturge Cotterell, J.P.
7—Birthday Dinner.
18—Recital by Rev. Bert Bailey, "Some Dickens Characters."

BLACKBURN.
Dec. 13—Annual Dinner.
Jan. 10—Lecture by Mr. Leo Mason, "Some Literati."
24—Visit from the Preston Branch.
Feb. 14—Birthday Celebration.
24—Debate, "That the literary qualities of Dickens's Works are of the foremost rank." Affirmation—Mr. R. Podmoor. Negative—Mr. N. W. E. Hamm.

CHICAGO.
Dec. 15—The Christmas Dinner. Speech by Mr. Quin O'Brien, "Dickens the Humanitarian."
Feb. 7—The Birthday Dinner. The toast by Mr. Lewis Bernays. Address by Dr. Preston Bradley.

CHRISTCHURCH.
Nov. 3—Dramatic Evening.
Dec. —Tiny Tim Outing.

EDGWARE.
Dec. 7—Christmas Party.
14—Reading from Dickens.
21—To be arranged.
Jan. 4—Recital by Mr. Frank Johnson, of *A Christmas Carol*.
11, 18—Dramatic Section only.
19—Ramble.
25—Readings from Dickens.
Feb. 1, 15—Dramatic Section only.
8—Dickens's Birthday Party.
16—Ramble.
22—Members' Evening.

EDINBURGH.
Dec. 6—"A Dickens Recital," arranged by Mr. J. A. C. Robson, also Readings by Mr. R. C. H. Morison.
21—Annual Dinner. "The Immortal Memory," by Mr. Hugh Walpole.
Jan. 10—"More Musings on Dickens," by Mr. W. A. Adams Cairns.
24—Lecture by Mr. W. Forbes Gray, "Dickens and his Scottish Correspondents."
Feb. 1—Dickensian Dance.
7—Lantern Lecture by Mrs. Pearson Callum "The Dickens House."
21—Lecture by Mr. J. Leslie McCallum, "Dickens and the Law."

HAMILTON.
Dec. 13—*The Cricket on the Hearth*, arranged by Mrs. Fred Cloke.
Jan. 10—"Aunt Betsey Trotwood." Scenes arranged by Mesdames McErvel and Roger.
Feb. 7—Birthday Dinner.

HULL.
Dec. 13—Lonely Old Folks' Christmas Party.
14—"Christmas Stories from Dickens," arranged by Mrs. Pashley.
Jan. 11—Lecture by Rev. W. S. Handley Jones, "The Novel since Dickens."
25—Selections from "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," by Mr. Howard Kellington.
Feb. 7—Birthday Dinner.
22—Visit of the Devon and Cornwall Society.,

LANCASTER.
Dec. 7—Lecture by Mr. F. R. Dean, "Christmas with Dickens."
Jan. 17—Lecture by Mrs. Greenwood, "Dickens's Rochester."
Feb. 12—Lecture by Mr. T. Cann Hughes, "The Solicitors of Dickens."

LEYTON.
Dec. 19—Members' Evening.
Jan. 30—Lecture by Rev. G. E. Mitchell, "Dickens and Hemans."
Feb. 27—Lecture by Rev. E. D. Martin, "Macbeth, a tragedy of ambition."

LIVERPOOL.
Dec. 12—Christmas Party.
Jan. 9—Lecture by Mr. J. Cooper Sands, "The Drama of Chesney Wold."
23—Lecture by Mr. C. F. Elias, F.S.I., "The Geography of Dickens."
Feb. 9—Birthday Dance and Whist Drive.
20—Lecture by Mr. G. H. Boothman, J.P., "The Dickens Novels in order of merit."

LONDON.
Dec. 10—Lecture by Miss Minards, "The Dickens House."
14—Christmas Party at Mrs. Jarley's Wax-Works (Caxton Hall
17, 18—Annual Tea and Entertainment to the Charles Dickens School, Lant Street.
Jan. 15—Lecture by Dr. Arthur Compton-Rickett, "Dickens, Yesterday and To-day."
Feb. 7—Birthday Dinner at Trocadero Restaurant.
13—Debate, "That Dickens is a greater writer than Shakespeare," Mr. J. H. McNulty and Mr. L. R. Bonnet.

MANCHESTER.
Dec. 7—"Scrooge and other character sketches," by Mr. Leo Mason.
Jan. 11—Dingley Dell Party.
25—Impressions of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, short papers by Miss E. E. Hampson, Mrs Clement Wood, Mr. J. D. Darbyshire, and Mr. W. H. Willshaw.
Feb. 6-9—Birthday Dramatic Performances in aid of the Greengate Hospital and Open-Air School.

MONTREAL.
Dec. 11—Lecture, "If Dickens visited our city to-day," by Mrs. William Owen.
18-20—Presentation of *A Christmas Carol* by the Dickens Players.
Jan. 22—Lecture by Captain the Hon. W. T. Martin.
Feb. 7—Birthday Dinner.
26—Papers by Members, and a one-act Dickens play.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.
Dec. 14—Christmas Party.
Jan. 11—Paper by Mr. Boyd.
25—Short Papers by Members.
Feb. 8—Birthday Party.
22—Dickens Players.

NOTTINGHAM.
Dec. 5, 18—Readings from *The Old Curiosity Shop*
Jan. 4, 17, 31—Readings from *The Old Curiosity Shop*.
Feb. 9—Dickens Birthday Party.
14, 28—Readings from *The Old Curiosity Shop*.

OLD TOWN—ORONO.
Dec 11—"The Evolution of Gambling," by the Hon. H. W. Waterhouse.
"Dickens's Delineation of Boys," by Mrs. Mark Bailey.
Jan. 8—"A Sketch of Daniel Quilp," by Miss Elsie Wood.
"Dickens's Introduction to his stories," by Mrs. E. R. Hitchman.
Feb. 7—Birthday Dinner and "Mrs. Jarley's Wax Work," by Mrs. Gordon Noyes.

PHILADELPHIA.
Dec. 19—Christmas Party
Jan. 23—Annual Meeting.
Feb. 7—Birthday Dinner.
27—To be arranged.

PLYMOUTH.
Dec. 11—Readings from *The Old Curiosity Shop*, arranged by Mr. Wm. C. Spear.
Jan. 8—Lecture by Rev. G. C. Matthews, "Dickens and Old English Inns."
9—Tiny Tim's "Tea" Entertainment at the Guildhall.
22—A Dickens Evening, arranged by Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Cann.
Feb 5 Dramatic, Literary, and Musical Evening, arranged by Mrs. L. Annear.
14—Whist and Bridge Drive.

PRESTON.
Dec. 6—Lecture by Mrs. A. Greenwood; "Dickens and *The Old Curiosity Shop*."
Jan. 10—New Year's Party.
24—Visit to the Blackburn Branch.
Feb. 7—Members' Evening.
21—Dramatic Evening.

RUGBY.
Dec. 4—Programme provided by the men.
Jan. 2—Song Recital by Mrs. Eardley Morris.
Feb —Birthday Dance.

ST. PANCRAS.
Dec. 1—Ramble.
17—Members' Evening.
Jan. 12—Ramble.
25—New Year's Party.
28—Lecture by Mr. J. D. Billington, "Railways of Dickens's Days."
Feb. 16—Ramble.
25—Debate, Mr. J. H. McNulty *v.* Mr. S. J. Rust.

SHEFFIELD.
Dec. 6—Whist Drive.
14—Lecture-Recital by Rev. J. Howden Rodda, "A Dickens Christmas."
Jan. 11—Lecture-Recital by Rev. W. J. Targett.
16—Whist Drive.
Feb. 8—Lecture by Mrs. W. F. Bagnall.
9—Birthday Dinner.
23—Tiny Tim's Party.

SOUTHAMPTON.
Dec. 13—Lecture by Mrs. Hawkins, "The Aim and Purpose of *The Old Curiosity Shop*."
Jan. 10—Lecture by Mr. F. W. Cook, "Characters in *The Old Curiosity Shop*."
Feb. 14—Birthday Celebration Party.

TORONTO.
Dec. 13—*A Christmas Carol*, directed by Mr. Robert Christie.
Jan. 10—Lecture on *Nicholas Nickleby*, by Mr. Sam Atkinson, Ph.D.
Feb. 7—Birthday Celebrations.

WINNIPEG.
Dec 13—Recital of *A Christmas Carol*, by Mr. H. G. Wade.
Jan. 10—Lecture by Canon J. O. Murray, "Completion of *Edwin Drood*."
Feb. 7—Birthday Dinner: principal speaker, Prof. W. J. Allison.

## CANADIAN NOTES

A special reception was arranged by the Vancouver Branch for the return from England of Mrs. G. W. Edwards, sister of Miss Peggy Webling, the novelist. The two sisters were delegates at the Blackpool Conference in 1933. Mr. W. J. MacFadden, B.A., has been elected President of this branch in succession to Mr. Ernest Walter, who retires after three years. This year, as part of its charitable work, the branch is assisting the Crippled Children's Hospital.

* * * * *

The Toronto Branch this year occupied a booth at the Canadian National Exhibition, from August 23rd to September 8th. Here were displayed a number of pictures and books, and in the space adjoining, the scene where Sydney Carton ascends the guillotine was portrayed. This exhibit created wide interest. Plans are being made for the Annual Christmas Tree for needy children.

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*1. "I will honour Christmas in my heart and try and keep it all the year." ... ... ... ... ... ... ... **2/- dozen**

*2. "It was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well. May it be truly said of us and all of us." **2/- box of eight**

*3. "How many old recollections, and how many dormant sympathies does not Christmas awaken."... ... **1/6 box of six**

## Coloured.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 4. | Mr. Pickwick's Toast. ... ... ... ... ... ... | **2/- dozen** |
| *6. | Mr. Pickwick on the Ice. ... ... ... ... ... ... | **2/-** ,, |
| 7. | The Little Inn, Canterbury. ... ... ... ... ... | **2/-** ,, |
| 8. | Mr. Pickwick received by the ladies of Bath. ... ... | **3/-** ,, |
| *9. | Mr. Pickwick plays blind man's buff. ... ... ... ... | **3/-** ,, |
| 10. | Scrooge's Knocker ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | **4/-** ,, |
| *11. | Tony Weller. ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | **4/-** ,, |
| *12. | Fezziwig's Ball. ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | **4/-** ,, |
| 13. | Mr. Pickwick on the Ice. ... ... ... ... ... ... | **4/-** ,, |
| 14. | Mr. Pickwick under the Mistletoe. ... ... ... ... | **4/-** ,, |
| 15. | Scrooge buys the Turkey. ... ... ... ... ... ... | **4/-** ,, |
| *16. | The Cratchit family drink a Toast. ... ... ... ... | **4/-** ,, |
| 17. | An evening at the Maypole Inn ... ... ... ... ... | **4/-** ,, |

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* The Little Inn, Canterbury.
* The Dickens House, London.
* The White Hart Inn, Southwark.
* Agnes Wickfield's House, Canterbury.
* The Bull Inn, Rochester.
* The George Inn, Salisbury.
* St. George's Church, Borough.
* The White Horse, Ipswich.
* The Maypole Inn, Chigwell.
* The Study at Gads Hill.

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PANCRAS (No. 76).—Mrs. Newcombe, 24 Mornington Road, N.W.1.

KENSIAN TABARD PLAYERS (No. 101).—J. Vosper Thomas, 182 Blackfriars Road, Southwark, S.E.1.

### UNITED KINGDOM.

TH (No. 81).—F. J. Giddings, "Park Close," Keynsham, Bristol.

FORD (No. 79).—Miss R. A. Young, 37 Chaucer Road.

MINGHAM (No. 19).—Miss M. Bryan, 109 Hagley Road, Edgbaston.

CKBURN (No. 107).—Leo. Mason, 124 Preston New Road.

CKPOOL (No. 92).—Mrs. Edith M. Greaves, 28 BeechAvenue.

DLINGTON (No. 118).—E. Sadler, 83 Tennyson Avenue.

GHTON (No. 21).—Miss Russell Davis, 4 Clifton Hill.

STOL AND CLIFTON DICKENS SOCIETY (No. 124).—A. Sincock, 1 Dongola Avenue, Horfield, Bristol.

OMLEY (No. 98).—S. Davis, 70 Freelands Road.

TERBURY (No. 102).—Leonard Butcher, Royal Museum, High Street.

LTENHAM (No. 63).—Miss C. Dallimore, "Wrendlebury," Kensington Avenue.

NCESTER (No. 109).—H. C. Leach, 3 Ashcroft Villas.

TBOURNE (No. 75).—Miss Ilton, 76 Ringwood Road.

WARE (No. 120).—Mrs. C. F. Baylis, 5 Elmgate Gardens.

NBURGH (No. 3).—Mrs. Pearson Callum, Roseburn Cliff, Murrayfield.

UCESTER (No. 40).—E. Kendall Pearson, 38 Wotton Hill.

FIELD (No. 62).—Miss W. Butterfield, 7 Glebelands.

L (No. 34).—Miss M. Whiting, 15 Blenheim St.

CASTER (No. 125).—Jas. Verden, 7 Church Street.

TLEBOURNE (No. 122)—Albert Coole, Court Lodge.

RPOOL (No. 5).—Geo. H. Boothman, 18 Staplands Road, Broad Green.

CHESTER (No. 4).—H. Fleming, 53 Derbyshire Lane, Stretford.

CASTLE-UPON-TYNE (No. 106).—Miss C. Burkett, 902 Shields Road, Walker Gate.

TINGHAM (No. 9).—Alexander Wilson, 45 Burton Street.

MOUTH (No. 46).—Lieut. S. S. Hutchings, 2 Alexandra Road, Mutley.

TSMOUTH (No. 6).—Bertram Sutton, 55 Carlington Road, Southsea.

TON (No. 123).—Miss Margaret Huddleson, 17 Osborne Road.

DITCH (No. 56).—Miss M. Ireson, 105 Lolloway Lane.

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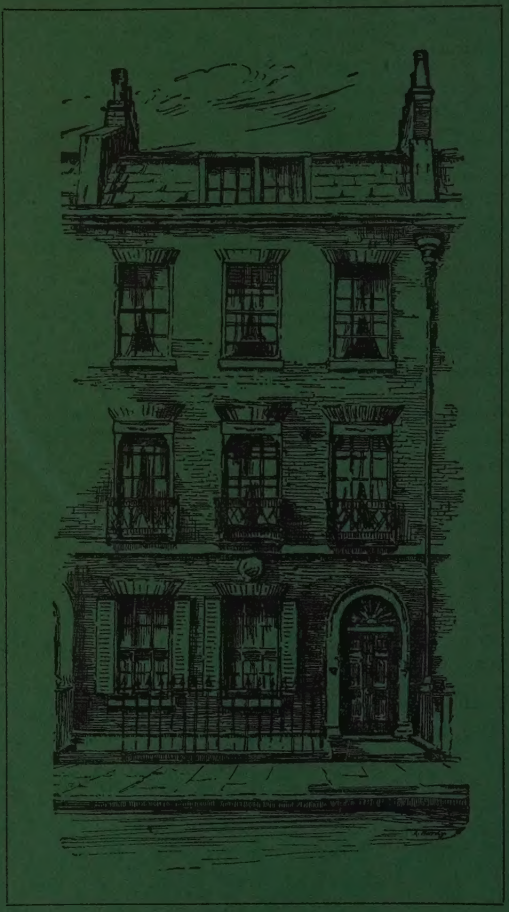

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